D Microcosmographie

*Micro-cosmographie.*

Or,

# A Piece of the WORLD Characteriz'd;

In *ESSAYES* and CHARACTERS.

*LONDON*,

Printed by W. BENTLEY, for *William Shears* at the *Bible* in the *New-Rents*. 1650.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# To the Reader,

*Gentile*, or *Gentle*.

I Have (for once) adventured to play the Mid-wifes part, helping to bring forth these infants into the World, which the Father would have smothered: who having left them lapt up in loose Sheets, as soon as his Fancy was delivered of them; written especially for his private Recreation, to passe away the time in the Countrey, and by the

forcible requeſt of Friends drawn from him, yet paſſing ſeverally from hand to hand in written Copies, grew at length to be a pretie number in a little volume: and among ſo many ſundery diſperſed Tranſcripts, ſome very imperfect and ſurreptitious had like to have paſt the Preſs, if the Author had not uſed ſpeedie meanes of prevention: when, perceiving the hazard he ran to be wronged, was willingly willing to let them paſſe as now they appear to the World. If any faults have eſcaped the Preſſe, (as few Books can be Printed without) impoſe them not on the Author I intreat thee; but rather impute them to mine and the Printers over-

ſight

ſight, who ſeriouſly promiſe, on the re-impreſſion hereof by greater care and diligence, for this our former default, to make thee ample ſatisfaction. In the mean while, I remain

*Thine,*

ED. BLOUNT.

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*Micro-cosmographie.*

Or,

# A Piece of the WORLD

*Characteriz'd.*

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## 1.

## *A Child.*

THIS a man in a small Letter, yet the best Copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve, or the Apple, and he is happy whose smal practice in the World, can onely write this Character. He is Natures fresh picture newly drawn in Oyl, which time, and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribled

with obſervations of the world, where-with at length it becomes a blurred Note-book. He is purely happy, becauſe he knowes no evil, nor hath made meanes by ſin, to be acquainted with miſery. He arrives not at the miſchief of being wiſe, nor endures evills to come by foreſeeing them. He kiſſes and loves all, and when the ſmart of the rod is paſt, ſmiles on his beater. Nature and his Parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a baite of Sugar to a draught of Wormwood. He plays yet, like a young Prentice the firſt day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. His hardeſt labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to uſe ſo deceitfull an Organ; and he is beſt company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his fooliſh ſports, but his game is our earneſt: and his drums, rattles and hobbie-horſes, but the Emblems and mocking of mens buſineſſe. His Father hath writ him as his own little ſtory, wherein he reads thoſe days of life that he cannot remember, and ſighs to ſee what innocence he hath out-lived. The elder he growes, he is a ſtair lower from God; and like his firſt Father, much worſe in his breeches. He is the Chriſtians example, & the old

old mans relapſe : The one imitates his pureneſſe, the other falls into his ſimplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got Eternity without a burthen, and exchanged but one Heaven for another.

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II.

## *A young raw Preacher.*

IS a Bird not yet fledged, that hath hopt out of his neſt to be chirping on a hedge, and will be ſtragling abroad at what perill ſoever. His backwardneſſe in the Vniverſity hath ſet him thus forward : for had he not truanted there, he had not been ſo haſty a Divine. His ſmal ſtanding and time, hath made him a proficient onely in boldneſs, out of which and his Table-book, he is furniſht for a Preacher. His collections of Studie are the notes of Sermons, which taken up at St. Maries, he utters in the Country, and if he write Brachigraphy, his ſtock is ſo much the better. His writing is more than his reading; for he reads onely what he gets without book. Thus accompliſht he comes down to his frinds, and his firſt

ſalutation is Grace and Peace out of the Pulpit. His Prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his Colledge more at large. The pace of his Sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock ſtop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs. And the onely thing he hath made of himſelf, is the faces. He takes on againſt the Pope without mercie, and has a jeſt ſtill in lavender for Bellarmine. Yet he preaches hereſie, if it comes in his way, though with a mind, I muſt needs ſay, very Orthodox. His Action is all Paſſion and his Speech Interjections. He has an excellent facultie in bemoning the people, and ſpits with a very good grace. His ſtile is compounded of ſome twentie ſeveral mens, onely his bodie imitates ſome one extraordinarie. He will not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his noſe without diſcretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon book, and indeed he was never uſed to it. He Preaches but once in a year, though twice on a Sunday: for the ſtuff is ſtill the ſame, onely the dreſſing a little altered. He has more tricks with a Sermon, than a Taylor with an old cloak to turn it and piece it, and at laſt quite diſguiſe it with a

new

new preface. If he have waded further in his profeſſion, and would ſhew reading of his own, his Authors are Poſtils, and his Schoole-Divinity a Catechiſm. His faſhion and demure habit, gets him in with ſome town-preciſian, and makes him a gueſt on friday nights. You ſhall know him by his narrow Velvet cape, and ſerge facing, and his Ruff, next his hair, the ſhorteſt thing about him. The companion of his walk is ſome zealous Tradeſman, whom he aſtoniſheth with ſome ſtrange points, which they both underſtand alike. His Friends, and much painfulneſſe, may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this meanes to a Chambermaid; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of Wedlock. Next Sunday you ſhall have him againe.

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## III.

## *A grave Divine.*

IS one that knows the burden of his calling, and hath ſtudied to make his ſhoulders ſufficient: for which he hath not been haſtie to launch forth of his Port the Vniverſity, but expected the ballaſt of learning, and

the wind of opportunity. Divinity is not the beginning but the end of his ſtudies, to which he takes the ordinary ſtair, and makes the Arts his way. He counts it not prophaneſs to be poliſht with humane reading, or to ſmooth his way by Ariſtotle to School Divinity. He has ſounded both religions, and anchored in the beſt, and is a Proteſtant out of judgement, not faction; not becauſe his Countrey, but his Reaſon is on this ſide. The Miniſtrie is his choice, not refuge, and yet the Pulpit not his Itch, but Fear. In his diſcourſe there is ſubſtance, not all rhetorick, and he utters more things than words. His ſpeech is not helped with inforced action, but the matter acts it ſelf. He ſhoots all his meditations at one Butt: and beates upon his Text, not the Cuſhion, making his hearers, not the pulpit, groan. In citing of Popiſh errours, he cuts them with arguments, not cudgels them with barren invectives: and labours more to ſhew the truth of his cauſe, than his ſpleen. His ſermon is limited by the method, not the hour-glaſſe; and his devotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He comes not up thrice a week, becauſe he would not be idle, nor talks three hours together,

ther, becauſe he would not talk nothing: but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his converſation is the every days exerciſe. In matters of ceremony he is not ceremonious, but thinks he owes that reverence to the Church to bow his judgement to it, and makes more conſcience of Sciſme, than a Surpleſſe. He eſteems the Churches Hierarchy as the Churches glory, and however we jar with Rome, would not have our confuſion diſtinguiſh us. In Symoniacal purchaſes he thinks his ſoul goes in the bargain, and is loth to come by promotion ſo dear: Yet his worth at the length advances him, and the price of his own merit buyes him a Living. He is no baſe grater of Tyths, and will not wrangle for the odd Egge. The Lawyer is the onely man he hinders, he is ſpited for taking up Quarrels. He is a main pillar of the Church, though not yet Dean nor Canon, and his life, our Religions beſt Apologie: His death is his laſt Sermon, where in the Pulpit of his Bed he inſtructs men to die by his example.

## CHAP. IV.

### *A meer dull Physitian.*

HIs practice is some businesse at bedsides, and his speculation an Vrinall. He is distinguisht from an Emperick by a round Velvet cap, and Doctors gown, yet no man takes degrees more superfluously, for he is Doctor howsoever. He is sworn to Galen and Hyppocrates, as Vniversity men to their Statutes, though they never saw them, and his discourse is all Aphorisms, though his reading be onely Alexis of Piemont, or the Regiment of health. The best cure he has done is upon his own purse, which from a lean sicklinesse he hath made lusty, & in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning up the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of gally-pots in his Apothecaries shop, which are rank't in his shelves, and the Doctors memory. He is indeed onely languag'd in diseases, and speaks Greek many times when he knows not. If he have been but a by-stander at some desperate recovery, he is slandered with it though he be guiltles; and this breeds his reputation, and that his Practise: for his skill is meerly opinion.

Of

Of all odours he likes beſt the ſmell of Vrine, and holds Veſpaſians rule, that no gain is unſavoury. If you ſend this once to him, you muſt reſolve to be ſick howſoever, for he will never leave examining your water, till he have ſhakt it into a diſeaſe. Then follows a writ to his drugger in a ſtrang tongue, which he underſtands, though he cannot conſter. If he ſee you himſelf, his preſence is the worſt viſitation: for if he cannot heal your ſickneſſe, he will be ſure to help it. He tranſlates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very windows and benches muſt take Phyſick. He tels you your Maladie in Greek, though it be but a cold or headach, which by good endeavour and diligence, he may bring to ſome moment indeed: his moſt unfaithfull act is, that he leaves a man gaſping, and his pretence is, death and he have a quarrel and muſt not meet; but his fear is, leaſt the carcaſs ſhould bleed. Anatomies and other ſpectacles of mortality have hardned him, and he is no more ſtruck with a funeral than a grave-maker. Noble-men uſe him for a Director of their ſtomacks, and Ladies for wantonneſs, eſpecially if he be a proper man. If he be ſingle, he is in league with

Apothecary, and becauſe it is the Phyſitian, the husband is patient. If he have leaſure to be idle (that is to ſtudy) he has a ſmatch at Alcumie, and is ſick of the Philoſophers ſtone, a diſeaſe uncureable, but by an abundant Phlebotomie of the purſe His two main oppoſites are a Mountebank and a good Woman, and he never ſhews his learning ſo much as in an invective againſt them and their boxes. In concluſion, he is a ſucking conſumption, and a very brother to the worms, for they are both ingendered out of mans corruption.

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## V.

## *An Alderman.*

HE is Venerable in his Gown, more in his Beard, wherewith he ſets not forth ſo much his own as the face of a City. You muſt look on him as one of the Town-gates, and conſider him not as a Bodie, but a Corporation. His eminency above others hath made him a man of worſhip, for he had never been preferred, but that he was worth thouſands. He over-ſees the Common-wealth, as his

Shop,

Shop, and it is an argument of his policie, that he has thriven by his craft. He is a rigorous Magiſtrate in his Ward: yet his ſcale of Juſtice is ſuſpected, leaſt it be like the Ballances in his Warehouſe. A ponderous man he is, and ſubſtantiall: for his weight is commonly extraordinary, and in his preferment, nothing riſes ſo much as his Belly, His head is of no great depth, yet well furniſht, when it is in conjunction with his brethren, may bring forth a City Apophthegm, or ſome ſuch ſage matter. He is one that will not haſtily run into errour, for he treads with great deliberation, and his judgement conſiſts much in his pace. His diſcourſe is commonly the Annals of his Majoralty, and what good government there was in the dayes of his gold Chain: though his Door-poſts were the onely things that ſuffered reformation: he ſeems not ſincerely religious, eſpecially on ſolemn dayes, for he comes oft to Church to make a ſhew. He is the higheſt ſtair of his profeſſion, and an example to his trade, what in time they may come to. He makes very much of his authority, but more of his Sattin-Doublet; which though of good years, beares its age very well, and looks

looks fresh every Sunday; but his Scarlet Gown is a Monument, and lasts from generation to generation.

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## VI.

### *A Discontented Man.*

IS one that is fallen out with the world, and will be revenged on himself. Fortune has deni'd him something, and he now takes pet, and will be miserable in despite. The root of his disease is a self-humouring pride, and accustomed tenderness, not to be crost in his fancy: and the occasions commonly one of these three: a hard Father, a peevish Wench, or his ambition thwarted. He considered not the nature of the world till he felt it, and all blows fall on him heavier, because they light not first on his expectation. He has now forgone all but his pride, and is yet vain-glorious in the ostentation of his melancholy. His composure of himself, is a studied carelessness with his arms across, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloak, and he is as great an enemy to a hat-band, as Fortune. He quarrels at the time, and

Up-

Vp-ſtarts, and ſighs at the neglect of men of parts, that is ſuch as himſelf. His life is a perpetual Satyre, and he is ſtill girding the ages vanity; when this very anger ſhews he too much eſteems it. He is much diſpleaſed to ſee men merry, and wonders what they can find to laugh at. He never draws his own lips higher than a ſmile, and frowns wrinkle him before fourty. He at the laſt falls into that deadly melancholy to be a bitter hater of men, and is the moſt apt companion for any miſchief. He is the ſpark that kindles the common-wealth, and the bellows himſelf to blow it, and if he turn any thing, it is commonly one of theſe, either Friar, Fray-tour, or Mad-man.

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## VII.

## *An Antiquarie.*

HE is a man ſtrangely thrifty of time paſt, and an enemy indeed to his maw, whence he ſetches out many things when they are now all rotten and ſtinking. He is one that hath that unnatural diſeaſe to be enamoured of old age, and wrinkles, and loves all things (as Dutch men

do

do Cheese the better for being mouldy and worm-eaten. He is of our Religion, because we say it is most ancient; and yet a broken Statue would almost make him an Idolater. A great admirer he is of the rust of old Monuments, and reads onely those Characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. He will go you fourty miles to see a Saints well, or ruined Abbey: and if there be but a Cross or stone Foot-stool in the way, hee'l be considering it so long, till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in Shekels, and Romane Coyns, and he hath more pictures of Cesar, than Iames or Elizabeth. Beggers coozen him with musty things which they have rack't from dung-hils, and he preserves their rags for pretious Reliques He loves no Library, but where there are more Spiders Volumes than Authors, and looks with great admiration on the antique work of Cobwebs. Printed books he contemnes, as a novelty of this latter age; but a Manuscript he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all Moth-eaten and the dust make a Parenthesis between every syllable. He would give all the books in his study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Romane binding,

binding, or ſix lines of Tullie in his own hand. His Chamber is hung commonly with ſtrange Beaſts skins, and is a kind of Charnel-houſe of bones extraordinary, and his diſcourſe upon them, if you will hear him, ſhall laſt longer. His very attire is that which is the eldeſt out of faſhion, and you may pick a Criticiſm out of his Breeches. He never looks upon himſelf till he is gray-hair'd, and then he is pleaſed with his own Antiquitie. His Grave does not fright him, for he has been uſed to Sepulchers, and he likes Death the better, becauſe it gathers him to his Fathers.

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## VIII.

### *A younger Brother.*

HIs elder Brother was the Eſau, that came out firſt and left him like Iacob at his heels. His Father has done with him, as Pharaoh to the children of Iſrael, that would have them make brick and give them no ſtraw, ſo he tasks him to be a gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintaine it. The pride of his houſe has undone him, which the elders Knighthood muſt ſuſtain, and his beg-

beggery, that Knighthood. His birth and bringing up, will not ſuffer him to deſcend to the means to get wealth: but he ſtands at the mercy of the world, and which is worſe, of his brother. He is ſomething better than the Serving-men; yet they more ſaucy with him, than he bold with their Maſter, who beholds him with a countenance of ſtern aw, and checks him oftner than his Liveries. His brothers old ſuits and he are much alike in requeſt, and caſt off now and then one to the other. Nature hath furniſht him with a little more wit upon compaſſion; for it is like to be his beſt revenue. If his annuitie ſtretcht ſo far, he is ſent to the Vniverſity, and with great heart-burning takes upon him the Miniſtrie, as a profeſſion he is condemn'd to by his ill fortune. Others take a more crooked path, yet the Kings high-way, where at length their vizard is pluckt off, and they ſtrike fair for Tiburn: but their Brothers pride, not love, gets them a pardon. His laſt refuge is the Low-countreys, where rags and lice are no ſcandal, where he lives a poor gentle-man of a Company, and dies without a ſhirt. The onely thing that may better his fortunes, is an art he has to make a Gentle-woman,

man, wherewith he baits now and then ſome rich widow, that is hungry after his blood. He is commonly diſcontented and deſperate, and the form of his exclamation is, that Churl my brother. He loves not his Countrey for this unnatural cuſtome, and would have long ſince revolted to the Spaniard, but for Kent onely which he holds in admiration.

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## IX.

### *A meer Formal Man.*

IS ſomewhat more than the ſhape of a man, for he has his length, breadth, and colour. When you have ſeen his outſide, you have lookt through him, and need imploy your diſcovery no further. His reaſon is meerly example, and his action is not guided by his underſtanding, but he ſees other men do thus, and he follows them. He is a Negative, for we cannot call him a wiſe man, but not a fool; nor an honeſt man, but not a knave; nor a Proteſtant, but not a Papiſt. The chief burden of his brain is the carriage of his body, and the ſetting of his face in a good frame, which he performs the better, becauſe

canſe he is not disjoynted with other Meditations. His Religion is a good quiet ſubject, and he prays as he ſwears, in the phraſe of the Land. He is a fair gueſt, and a fair inviter, and can excuſe his good cheer in the accuſtomed Apologie. He has ſome faculty in mangling of a Rabbet, and the diſtribution of his morſel to a neighbour-trencher. He apprehends a jeſt by ſeeing men ſmile, and laughs orderly himſelf, when it comes to his turn. His diſcours is the news he hath gathered in his walk, and for other matters his diſcretion is, that he will onely what he can, that is, ſay nothing. His life is like one that runs to the Minſter walk, to take a turn or two, and ſo paſſes. He hath ſtayd in the World to fill a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and ther's an end.

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## X.

## *A Church-Papiſt.*

IS one that parts his Religion betwixt his conſcience and his purſe, and comes to Church not to ſerve God, but the King. The face of the Law makes him

him weare the mask of the Goſpel, which he uſes not as a meanes to ſave his ſoul, but charges. He loves Popery well, but is loth to loſe by it, and though he be ſomething ſcared with the Buls of Rome, yet they are farre off, and he is ſtruck with more terror at the Apparitor. Once a moneth he preſents himſelf at the Church, to keep off the Church-warden, and brings in his body to ſave his bayl. He kneels with the Congregation, but prays by himſelf, and asks God forgiveneſſe for coming thither. If he be forced to ſtay out a Sermon, he puts his hat over his eyes, and frowns out the hour, and when he comes home thinks to make amends for his fault, by abuſing the Preacher. His main pollicy is to ſhift off the Communion for which he is never unfurniſht of a Quarrel, and will be ſure to be out of Charity at Eaſter; and indeed lies not, for he has a quarrel to the Sacrament. He would make a bad Martyr, and good traveller, for his conſcience is ſo large he could never wander out of it: and in Conſtantinople would be Circumciſed with a reſervation. His wife is more zealous, and therefore more coſtly, and he bates her in tyres, what ſhe ſtands him in Religion. But we leave him hatching

hatching plots againſt the State, and expecting Spinola.

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## XI.

## *A Self-conceited Man.*

IS one that knows himſelf ſo well that he does not know himſelf. Two excellent wel-dones have undone him; & he is guilty, that firſt commended him to madneſs. He is now become his own book, which he poars on continually, yet like a truant-reader skips over the harſh places, and ſurveys onely that which is pleaſant. In the ſpeculation of his own good parts, his eyes like a drunkards, ſee all double, and his fancy like an old mans ſpectacls, make a great letter in a ſmal print. He imagines every place where he comes his Theatre, and not a look ſtirring, but his ſpectator; and conceives mens thoughts to be very idle, that is, buſie about him. His walk is ſtill in the faſhion of a march, & like his opinion unaccompanied, with his eyes moſt fixt upon his own perſon, or on others with reflection to himſelf. If he have done any thing that has paſt with applauſe, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extaſie

extaſie his hearers were in at every period. His diſcourſe is all poſitions, & definitive decrees, with thus it muſt be and thus it is, and he will not humble his authority to prove it. His tenent is always ſingular, and aloof from the Vulgar as he can, from which you muſt not hope to wreſt him. He has an excellent humour for an Heretick, and in theſe days made the firſt Arminian. He prefers Ramus before Ariſtotle, and Paracelſus before Galen, and whoſoever with moſt Paradox is commended, and Lipſius his hopping ſtile, before either Tully or Quintilian. He much pities the World, that has no more inſight in his Parts, when he is too well diſcovered, even to his very thought. A flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what he knows before, and yet he loves him too, becauſe he is like himſelf. Men are mercifull to him, and let him alone, for if he be once driven from his humour, he is like two inward friends fallen out; his own bitter enemy and diſcontent preſently makes a murtherer. In ſum, he is a bladder blown up with wind, which the leaſt flaw cruſhes to nothing.

A Tavern.

## XII.

## *A Tavern.*

IS a degree (or if you will) a pair of ſtairs above an Alehouſe, where men are drunk with more credit and Apologie. If the Vintners noſe be at doore, it is ſign ſufficient, but the abſence of this is ſupplied by the Ivie-buſh. The rooms are ill breath'd, like the drinkers that have been waſht well over night, and are ſmelt too faſting the next morning; not furniſhed with beds apt to be defil'd, but more neceſſary implements, Stools, Table, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more news than hogs-heads, and more jeſts than news, which are luckt up here by ſome ſpungy brain, and from thence ſqueaz'd into a Comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noiſe, and this muſick above is anſwered with the clinking below. The Drawers are the civileſt people in it, men of good bringing up, and howſoever we eſteem of them, none can boaſt more juſtly of their high calling. T'is the beſt Theater of nature where they are truely acted, not plaid, and the buſineſſe, as in the reſt of the World up and downe,

to

to wit, from the bottome of the Cellar to the great Chamber. A melancholy man would find here matter to work upon, to ſee heads as brittle as glaſſes, and ofter broken. Men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends: and if Plutarch will lend me his ſimile, it is even Telephus his ſword that makes wounds, and cures them. It is the common conſumption of the afternoon, and the murtherer or maker away of a rainy day. It is the Torrid Zone that ſcorches the face, and Tobacco the Gun-powder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable Vintner had not water ready for theſe flames. A houſe of ſin you may call it, but not a houſe of darkneſs, for the Candles are never out, and it is like thoſe Countries farre in the North, where it is as clear at mid-night as at mid-day. After a long ſitting, it becomes like a ſtreet in a daſhing ſhower, where the ſpouts are fluſhing above, and the Conduits running below, while the Jordans, like ſwelling rivers, overflow their banks. To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the buſie mans recreation, the idle mans buſineſſe, the melancholy man's ſanuary, the ſtrangers wel-come, the Innes

of

of Court mans entertainment, the ſcholars kindneſſe, and the Citizens courteſie. It is the ſtudy of ſparkling Wits, and a cup of Canary their Boook, where we leave them.

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## XIII.

### *A too idly reſerv'd Man.*

IS one that is a fool with diſcretion, or a ſtrange piece of Polititian, that mannages the ſtate of himſelf. His actions are his Privie Councel, wherein no man muſt partake beſide. He ſpeaks under rule and preſcription, and dares not ſhew his teeth without Machiavel. He converſes with his neighbours as he would in Spaine, and fears an inquiſitive man as much as the Inquiſition. He ſuſpects all queſtions for examinations, and thinks you would pick ſome thing out of him, and avoids you. His breaſt is like a Gentlewomans cloſet, which locks up every toy and trifle, or ſome Mountebank, that makes every ſtinking thing a ſecret. He delivers you common matters with great conjuration of ſilence, and whiſpers you in the ear Acts of Parliament. You

may

may as ſoon wreſt a tooth from him as a paper, and whatſoever he reads is letters. He dares not talk of great men for fear of bad Comments, and he knows not how his words may be miſapplied. Ask his opinion, and he tells you his doubt: and he never hears any thing more aſtoniſhtly than what he knows before. His words are like the cards at Primiviſte, where 6 is 18. and 7 21. for they never ſignifie what they ſound, but if he tell you he will do a thing, it is as much as if he ſwore he would not. He is one indeed that takes all men to be craftyer than they are, and puts himſelf to a great deal of affliction to hinder their plots and deſigns, where they mean freely. He has been long a Riddle himſelf, but at laſt finds Oedipuſes; for his over-acted diſſimulation diſcovers him, and men do with him as they would with Hebrew letttrs: ſpell him backward, and read him.

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## XIV.

### *A Shark.*

IS one, whom all other means have failed, and he now lives of himſelf.

He is ſome needy caſheer'd fellow, whom the World has oft flung off, yet ſtill claſps againe, and is like one drowning, faſtnes upon any thing that's next at hand, amongſt other of his ſhipwracks, he has happily loſt ſhame, and his want ſupplies him. No man puts his brain to more uſe than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meal a new ſtratagem. He has an excellent memory for his acquaintance, though there paſt but, how do you betwixt them ſeven years ago, it ſhall ſuffice for an Embrace, and that for money. He offers you a pottle of Sack out of his joy to ſee you, and in requitall of this courteſie you can do no leſſe than pay for it. He is fumbling with his Purſe-ſtrings, as a School-boy with his points, when he is going to be whipt, till the Maſter weary with his long ſtay, forgives him. When the reckoning is paid, he ſays it muſt not be ſo, it is ſtraight pacified, and crys, what remedy. His borrowings are like ſubſidies, each man a ſhilling or two, as he can well diſpend, which they lend him, not with a hope to be repayd, but that he will come no more. He holds a ſtrange tyranny over men, for he is their debtor, and they fear him as a Creditor. He

is

is proud of any imployment, though it be but to carry Commendations, which he will be ſure to deliver at eleven of the clock. They in courteſie bid him ſtay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he find but a good look to aſſure his wel-come, he becomes their half-boarder, and haunts the threſhold ſo long, till he forces good natures to the neceſſity of a quarrel. Publick invitations he will not wrong with his abſence, and is the beſt witneſſe of the Sheriffs Hoſpitality. Men ſhun him at length as they would do an infection, and he is never croſt in his way, if there be but a lane to eſcape him. He has done with the age as his clothes to him, hung on as long as he could, and at laſt drops off.

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## XV.

### *A Carrier.*

IS his own Hackney-man, for he lets himſelf out to travel as well as his horſes. He is the ordinary Embaſſador between Friend and Friend, and brings rich Preſents to the one, but never returns any back againe. He is no unlet-

ter'd man, though in ſhew ſimple, for queſtionleſs he has much in his Budget, which he can utter too in fit time and place. He is the Vault in Gloſter Church, that conveys Whiſpers at a diſtance; for he takes the ſound out of your mouth at York, and makes it be heard as far as London. He is the young Students joy and expectation, and the moſt accepted gueſt, to whom they lend a willing hand to diſcharge him of his burthen. His firſt greeting is, Your Friends are well; then in a piece of gold delivers their Bleſſing. You would think him a churliſh blunt fellow, but they find in him many tokens of humanity. He is a great afflicter of the highway, and beats them ont of meaſure, which injury is ſometimes revenged by the Purſe taker; and then the Voyage miſcarries. No man domineers more in his Inn, nor calls his Hoſt unreverently with more preſumption, and this arrogance proceeds out of the ſtrength of his horſes. He forgets not his load where he takes his eaſe, for he is drunk commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the prodigal Child, ſtill packing away, and ſtill returning againe. But let him paſſe.

XVI. An

## XVI.

### *An old Colledge Butler.*

IS none of the worſt Students in the houſe, for he keeps the ſet hours at his book more duely than any. His authority is great over mens good names, which he charges many times with ſhrewd aſperſions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. His Box and Counters prove him to be a man of reckoning; yet he is ſtricter in his Accounts than an Vſurer, and delivers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the pain of Gallobelgicus, for his books go out once a quarter, and they are much in the ſame nature, brief notes and ſums of affairs, and are out of requeſt as ſoon. His comings in are like a Taylors, from the ſhreds of bread, the chippings, and remnant of the broken cruſt: excepting his Vails from the barrel, which poor folks buy for their hogs; but drink themſelves. He divides a half-penny loaf with more ſubtility than Keckerman, and ſub-divides the a primo ortum ſo nicely, that a ſtomack of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. He is a very ſober man

conſidering his manifold temptations of drink and ſtrangers, and if he be overſeen, 'tis within his own liberties, and no man ought to take exceptions. He is never ſo well pleas'd with his place, as when a Gentleman is beholding to him for ſhewing him the the Buttery, whom he greets with a cup of ſingle beer and ſlyc'd mancher, and tells him 'tis the faſhion of the Colledge. He domineers over Freſhmen, when they firſt come to Hatch, and puzzels them with ſtrange language of Cues, and Cees, and ſome broken Latine, which he has learnt at his Bin. His faculti's extraordinary is, the warming of a pair of Cards, and telling out a douzen of Counters for Poſt and Pair, and no man is more methodicall in theſe buſineſſes. Thus he ſpends his age, till the tap of it is run out, and then a freſh one is ſet abroach.

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## XVII.

### *An Up-ſtart Country Knight.*

HIs honour was ſomewhat prepoſterous, for he bare the Kings ſword before he had arms to wild it; yet being

ing once laid o're the ſhoulder with a Knight-hood, he finds the Herauld his friend. His Father was a man of good ſtock, though but a Tanner, or Vſurer; he purchaſed the Land and his ſon the the Title. He has doſt off the name of a Clown, but the look not ſo eaſie, & his face bears ſtill a reliſh of churn-milk. He is garded with more gold lace, than all the Gentlemen o'th Countrey, yet his body makes his clothes ſtill out of faſhion. His houſe-keeping is ſeen much in the diſtinct families of dogs, and ſerving-men attendants on their kennels, and the deepneſſe of their throats is the depth of his diſcourſe. A Hawk he eſteems the true burthen of nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to ſeem delighted in the ſport, and have his fiſt Glov'd with his Jeſſes. A Juſtice of Peace he is to domineere in his Pariſh, and do his neighbour wrong with more right. And very ſcandalous he is in his authority, for no ſin almoſt which he will not commit. He will be drunk with his hunters for company, and ſtain his Gentility with droppings of Ale. He is fearfull of being Sheriff of the Shire by inſtinct, and dreads the Aſſize week as much as the Priſoner. In ſum, he is but

a clod of his own earth, or his land is the dung-hill, and he the Cock that crows over it. And commonly his race is quickly run, and his Childrens Children, though they ſcape hanging, return to the place from whence they came.

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## XVIII.

### *A Gallant.*

Is one that is born and ſhaped for his Clothes: and if Adam had not faln, had lived to no purpoſe. He gratulates therefore the firſt ſin, and fig-leaves that were an occaſion of bravery. His firſt care is his dreſs, the next his body, and in the uniting of theſe two, lies his ſoul and its faculties. He obſerves London trulier than the Termers, and his buſineſſe is the ſtreet, the Stage, the Court, and thoſe places where a proper man is beſt ſhown. If he be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is ſo much the more gentile and compleat, and he learns the beſt oaths for the purpoſe. Theſe are a great part of his diſcourſe, and he is as curious in their newneſſe as the faſhion. His other talk is Ladies & ſuch

ſuch pretty things, or ſome jeſt at a Play. His Pick-tooth bears a great part in his diſcourſe, ſo does his body; the upper parts whereof are as ſtarcht as his linnen, and perchance uſe the ſame Laundres. He has learnt to ruffle his face from his boot, and takes great delight in his walk to hear his ſpurs gingle. Though his life paſſe ſomewhat ſlidingly, yet he ſeems very carefull of the time, for he is ſtill drawing his watch out of his Pocket, and ſpends part of his hours in numbering them. He is one never ſerious but with his Taylor, when he is in conſpiracy for the next divice. He is furniſht with jeſts as ſome wanderer with ſermons, ſome three for all Congregations, one eſpecially againſt the Scholar, a man to him much ridiculous, whem he knows by no other definition, but a ſilly fellow in black. He is a kind of walking Mercers ſhop, and ſhews you one ſtuff to day, and another to morrow, an ornament to the rooms he coms in, as the fair bed and hangings be: and is meerly rateable accordingly, fiifty or a hundred pound as his ſuite is. His main ambition is to get a Knighth-hood, and then an old Lady; which if he be happy in, he fills the Stage and a Coach ſo.

much longer. Otherwiſe himſelf and his clothes grow ſtale together, and he is buried commonly ere he dies in the Goal, or the Country.

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## XIX.

## *A Conſtable.*

IS a Vice-Roy in the ſtreet, and no man ſtands more upon't that he is the Kings Officer. His juriſdiction extends to the next ſtocks, where he has Commiſſion for the heels onely, and ſets the reſt of the body at liberty. He is a ſcare-crow to that Ale-houſe, where he drinks not his mornings draught, and apprehends a Drunkard for not ſtanding in the Kings name. Beggers fear him more than the Juſtice, and as much as the whip-ſtock, whom he delivers over to his ſubordinate Magiſtrates, the Bride-well man, and the Beadle. He is a great ſtickler in the tumults of double jugges, and ventures his head by his place, which is broke many times to keep whole the Peace. He is never ſo much in his Majeſty as in his Night-watch, where he ſits in his Chair of State, a Shop-ſtall, and environ'd with a guard

a guard of Halberts, examines all paſſengers. He is a very carefull man in his office, but if he ſtay up after midnight, you ſhall take him napping.

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## XX.

### *A down-right Scholar.*

IS one that has much learning in the Ore, unwrought and untried, which time and experience faſhions and refines. He is good metal in the inſide, though rough and unſcour'd without, and therefore hated of the Courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a vaine of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no unlucky abſurdity, but is put upon his profeſſion, and done like a Scholar. But his fault is onely this, that his mind is ſomewhat too much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage beſides. He has not put on the quaint garbe of the Age, which is now become a mans Total. He has not humbled his meditations to the induſtry of Complement, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not ſet upon

on nice Pinns, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his ſcrape is homely and his nod worſe. He cannot kiſſe his hand and cry Madam, nor talk idly enough to bear her company. His ſmacking of a Gentlewoman is ſomewhat too ſavory, and he miſtakes her noſe for her lip. A very Woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logick of a Capon. He has not the glib faculty of ſliding over a tale, but his words come ſqueamiſhly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jeſt. He names this word Colledge too often, and his diſcourſe bears too much on the Vniverſity. The perplexity of mannerlyneſſe will not let him feed, and he is ſharp ſet at an argument when he ſhould cut his meat. He is diſcarded for a gamſter at all games but one and thirty, and at Tables he reaches not beyond Doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a Fiddle, but his fiſt is clucht with the habit of diſputing. He aſcends a horſe ſomewhat ſiniſterly, ly, though not on the left ſide, and they go both jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly cenſur'd by the Inns a Court men, for that hainous vice being out of fashion. He cannot

ſpeak to a Dog in his own Dialect, and underſtands Greek better than the language of a Falconer. He has been uſed to a dark room, and dark Clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a Sattin Doublet. The Hermitage of his Study, has made him ſomewhat uncouth in the World, and men make him worſe by ſtaring on him. Thus is he ſilly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for ſome quarter of a year, out of the Vniverſity. But practiſe him a little in men, and bruſh him ore with good compauy, and he ſhall out-ballance thoſe glifterers as much as a ſolid ſubſtance do's a feather, or Gold, Gold-lace.

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## XXI.

### *A Player.*

HE knowes the right uſe of the World, wherein he comes to play a part and ſo away. His life is not idle, for it is all Action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profeſſion has in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more diſlik'd, and yet none more applauded,

and

and he has this misfortune of ſome Scholar, too much wit makes him a fool. He is like our painting Gentlewomen, ſeldome in his own face, ſeldome in his clothes, and he pleaſes the better he counterfeits, except onely when he is diſguiſed with ſtraw for gold lace. he does not onely perſonate on the ſtage, but ſometime in the Street, for he is maſk'd ſtill in the habit of a Gentleman. His parts find him oaths and good words, which he keeps for his uſe and diſcourſe, and makes ſhew with them of a faſhionable Companion. He is tragical on the Stage, but rampant in the Tyring houſe, and ſwears oaths there which he never conn'd. The waiting-women ſpectators are over ears in love with him, and Ladies ſend for him to act in their Chambers. Your Innes of Court-men were undone but for him, he is their chief gueſt and imployment, and the ſole buſineſſe that makes them after-noons-men. The Poet onely is his Tyrant, and he is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges. Shrove-tueſday he fears as much as the Bauds, and Lent is more damage to him, than the Butcher. He was never ſo much diſcredited as in one Act and that was of Parliament, which

gives

gives Hoſtlers Priviledge before him, for which he abhors it more than a corrupt judge. But to give him his due, one well furniſht Actour has enough in him for five common Gentlemen, and if he have a good body for ſize, and for reſolution, he ſhall challenge any Cato, for it has been his practice to die bravely.

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## XXII.

### *A Detractor.*

IS one of a more cunning and active envie, wherewith he gnaws not fooliſhly himſelf, but throws it abroad and would have it bliſter others. He is commonly ſome weak-pated fellow, and worſe minded, yet is ſtrangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his Tongue to his own poorneſſe. He is indeed like the red Dragon that purſued the Woman, for when he cannot over-reach another, he opens his mouth and throws a floud after, to drown him. You cannot anger him worſe than to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, than if you had

had cheated him of his patrimonie with his own diſcredit. He is alwayes ſlighting the generall opinion, and wondering why ſuch and ſuch men ſhould be applauded. Commend a good Divine, he cries Poſtilling; a Philologer, Pedantrie; a Poet, Rhyming; a School-man, Dull wrangling; a ſharp Conceit, Boyiſhneſſe; an Honeſt man, Plauſibility. He comes to publick things not to learn, but to catch, and if there be but one ſolœciſm, that's all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared ſowerneſſe, and is ſtill furniſht with a Piſh before hand, or ſome muſty Proverb that diſreliſhes all things whatſoever. If fear of the company make him ſecond a commendation, it is like a Law-writ, alwayes with a clauſe and exception, or to ſmooth the way to ſome greater ſcandal. He will grant you ſomething, and bate more; and this bating ſhall in concluſion take away all he granted. His ſpeech concludes ſtill with an Oh but, and I could wiſh one thing amended; and this one thing ſhall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fiſh ſome bad out of him, and make his ſlanders hereafter

more

more authentick, when it is ſaid a friend reported it. He will invegle you to naughtyneſſe to get your good name into his clutches, and make you drunk to ſhew you reeling. He paſſes the more plauſibly, becauſe all men have a ſmatch of his humour, and it is thought freeneſſe, which is malice. If he can ſay nothing of a man, he will ſeem to ſpeak riddles, as if he could tell ſtrange ſtories if he would: and when he has rackt his invention to the uttermoſt, he ends: But I wiſh him well, and therefore muſt hold my peace. He is alwayes liſtening and enquiring after men, and ſuffers not a cloak to paſs by him unexamined. In brief, he is one that has loſt all good himſelf, and is loth to find it in another.

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## ~~XXIV~~. XXIII

### *A meer young Gentleman of the Univerſitie.*

IS one that comes there to wear a gown, and to ſay hereafter, he has been at the Vniverſitie. His Father ſent him thither, becauſe he heard there were the beſt Fencing and Dancing

Dancing Schools, from these he has his Education, from his Tutor the overſight. The firſt Element of his knowledge is to be ſhewn the Colledges, and initiated in a Tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himſelf. The two marks of his ſeniority, is the bare Velvet of his gown, and his proficiency at Tennis, where when he can once play a ſet, he is a Freſh man no more. His Study has commonly handſome Shelves, his Books, neat ſilk ſtrings, which he ſhews to his Fathers man, and is loth to untie or take down for fear of miſplacing. Vpon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the pretty book his Tutor reads to him, which is commonly ſome ſhort Hiſtory, or a piece of Euphormio; for which his Tutor gives him money to ſpend next day. His maine loytering is at the Library, where he ſtudies Armes, and turns a Centleman-Critick in pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be miſtaken for a Scholar, and hates a black ſuit, though it be of Sattin. His companion is ordinarily ſome ſtale Fellow, that has been notorious for Gold hat-bands, whom he admires at firſt, afterward ſcorns. If he have ſpirit or wit, he may light of better company,

pany, and may learn ſome flaſhes of wit which may do him Knights-ſervice in the Country hereafter. But he is now gone to the Innes of Court, where he ſtudies to forget what he learn'd before, his acquaintance and the faſhion.

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## XXIV.

### *A Pot-Poet.*

IS the dregs of wit; yet mingled with good drink may have ſome reliſh. His Inſpirations are more real than others; for they do but feign a God, but he has his by him. His Verſes run like the Tap, and his Invention as the Barrel, ebs and flows at the mercy of the Spiggot. In thin drink he aſpires not above a Ballad, but a cup of Sack inflames him, and ſets his Muſe and Noſe afire together. The Preſs is his Mint, and ſtamps him now and then a ſix pence or two in reward of the baſer coyn his Pamphlet, His Works would ſcarce ſell for three half-pence, though they are given oft for three ſhillings, but for the pretty Title that allures the Country Gentleman: and for which the Printer maintains him in Ale a fortnight.

night. His Verſes are like his clothes, miſerable Canto's and patches, yet their pace is not altogether ſo hobling as an Almanack. The death of a great man, or the burning of a houſe furniſh him with an Argument, and the nine Muſes are out ſtraight in mourning gowns, and Melpomene cries, fire, fire. His other Poems are but Briefs in Rhyme, and like the poor Greeks Collections to redeem from captivity. He i a man now much imploy'd in commendations of our Navie, and a bitter inveigher againſt the Spaniard. His frequenteſt Works go out in ſingle ſheets, and are chanted from market to Market, to a vile tune, and a worſe throat: whil'ſt the poor Country Wench melts like her butter to hear them. And theſe are the ſtories of ſome men of Tiburne, or a ſtrange monſter out of Germanie: or ſitting in a Baudy-houſe, he writes Gods judgements. He ends at laſt in ſome obſcure painted Cloth, to which himſelf made the Verſes, and his life like a Canne to full, ſpils upon the Bench. He leaves twenty ſhillings on the ſcore, which my Hoſteſſe looſes.

A Cook.

## XXV.

### *A Cook.*

THe Kitching is his Hell, and he the Divel in it, where his meat and he frie together. His Revenues are ſhowr'd down from the fat of the Land, and he enterlards his own greaſe among to help the drippings. Cholerick he is, not by nature ſo much as his Art, and it is a ſhrewd temptation that the choping-knife is ſo near. His weapons oftner offenſive, are a Meſs of hot Broth and ſcalding water, and wo be to him that comes in his way. In the Kitchin he will domineer, and rule the roaſt in ſpight of his Maſter, and Curſes are the very Dialect of his Calling. His labour is meer bluſtering and furie, and his Speech like that of Saylors in a ſtorm, a thouſand buſineſſes at once, yet in all this tumult he does not love combuſtion, but will be the firſt man that ſhall go and quentch it. He is never good Chriſtian till a hizzing pot of Ale has ſlak't him, like water caſt on a fire-brand, and for that time he is tame and diſpoſſeſt,

poſſeſt. His cunning is not ſmall in Architecture, for he builds ſtrange Fabricks in Paſte, Towers and Caſtles, which are offered to the aſſault of valiant teeth, and like Darius his Pallace, in one banquet demoliſht. He is a pittileſſe murderer of Innocents, and he mangles poor fowls with unheard of Tortures, and it is thought the Martyrs perſecutions were deviſed from hence, ſure we are, Saint Lawrence his Gridiron came out of the Kitchin. His beſt faculty is at the Dreſſer, where he ſeems to have great skill in the Tactickes, ranging his Diſhes in order Military; and placing with great diſcretion in the fore-front meates more ſtrong and hardy, and the more cold and cowardly in the rear, as quaking Tarts, and quivering Cuſtards, and ſuch milk-ſop Diſhes, which ſcape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the ſecond courſe is gone up, and he down into the Cellar, where he drinks and ſleeps till four a clock in the afternoon, and then runs againe to his Regiment.

*A for-*

## XXVI.

### *A forward bold Man.*

IS a luſty Fellow in a Crowd, that's beholding more to his elbow than his legs, for he does not go, but thruſts well. He is a good ſhuffler in the world, wherein he is ſo oft putting forth, that at length he puts on. He can do ſomething, but dare do much more, and is like a deſperate Souldier, who will aſſault any thing where he is ſure not to enter. He is not ſo well opinioned of himſelf, as induſtrious to make other; & thinks no vice ſo prejudicial as bluſhing. He is ſtill citing for himſelf, that a candle ſhould not be hid under a buſhel, and for his part, he will be ſure not to hide his, though his candle be but a ſnuff, or Ruſh Candle. Theſe few good parts he has, he is no niggard in diſplaying, and is like ſome needy ſlanting Gold-ſmith, nothing in the inner room, but all on the cupboard: If he be a Scholar, he has commonly ſtept into the Pulpit before a degree; yet into that too before he deſerv d it. He never defers St. Maries beyond his regency, and his next Sermon is

at

at Pauls Crosse, and that printed. He loves pub'ick things alife: and for any solemn entertainment he will find a mouth, find a speech who will. He is greedy of great acquaintance and many, and thinks it no small advancement to rise to be known. His talk at the table is like Benjamins Mess, five times to his part, and no argument shuts him out for a quarrellour. Of all disgraces he endures not to be non-plust, and had rather flie for Sanctuary to Non-sence, which few can descrie, than to nothing at all. His boldnesse is beholding to other mens modesty, which rescues him many times from a Baffle, yet his face is good Armour, and he is dasht out of any thing sooner than Countenance. Grosser conceits are puzzel'd in him for a rare man, and wiser men though they know him, take him for their pleasure, or as they would do a Sculler for being next at hand. Thus preferment at last stumbles on him, because he is still in way. His companions that flouted him before now envie him, when they see him come ready for Scarlet, whilst themselves lie mustie in their old Clothes and colledges.

A Baker.

## XXVII.

### *A Baker.*

NO man verifies the Proverb more, that it is an Almſ-deed to puniſh him: for his penalty is a dole, and does the Begger as much good as their Dinner. He abhors therefore works of Charity, and thinks his bread caſt away when it is given to the poor. He loves not juſtice neither, for the weigh-ſcales ſake, and hates the Clark of the Market as his Executioner: yet he finds mercy in his offences, and his Basket onely is ſent to Priſon. Marry a Pillory is his deadly enemy, and he never hears well after.

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## XXVIII.

### *A plain countrey Fellow.*

IS one that manures his ground well, but lets himſelf lie fallow and untill'd. He ha's reaſon enough to do his buſineſs, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He ſeemes to have the judgement of Nebuchadnezzar: for

his converſation is among beaſts, and his tallons none of the ſhorteſt. onely he eats not graſſe, becauſe he loves not Sallets. His hand guides the Plough, and the Plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expoſtulates with his Oxen very underſtandingly, and ſpeaks Gee and Ree better than Engliſh. His mind is not much diſtracted with objects: but if a good fat Cow come in his way, he ſtands dumb and aſtoniſht, and though his haſte be never ſo great, will fix here half an hours contemplation. His habitation is ſome poor thacht Roof, diſtinguiſh'd from his barn, by the loop-holes that let out ſmoke, which the rain had long ſince waſht thorow, but for the double Seeling of Bacon on the inſide, which has hung there from his Grandſires time, and is yet to make raſhers for poſterity. His dinner is his other work, for he ſweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible faſtener on a piece of Beef, and you may hope to ſtave the Guard off ſooner. His Religion is a part of his Copy-hold, which he takes from his Landlord, and refers it wholly to his diſcretion. Yet if he give him leave, he is a good Chriſtian

to

to his power, (that is) comes to Church in his beſt clothes, and ſits there with his neighbours, where he is capable onely of two Prayers, for rain and fair Weather. He apprehends Gods bleſſings onely in a good year, or a Fat paſture, and never praiſes him but on good ground. Sunday he eſteemes a day to make merry in, and thinks a Bag-pipe as eſſentialll to it, as Evening-Prayer, where he walks very ſolemnly, after ſervice with his hands coupled behind him, and cenſures the dauncing of his parish. His complement with his neighbour, is a good thump on the back; and his ſalutation commonly ſome blunt Curſe. He thinks nothing to be vices but Pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely diſſwade youth, and has ſome thrifty Hob-nail-Proverbs to clout his diſcourſe. He is a niggard all the week except onely Market-days, where if his Corn ſell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conſcience. His feet never ſtink ſo unbecommingly, as when he trots after a Lawyer in Weſtminſter-Hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard ſcraping, in beſeeching of his Worſhip to take his money. He is ſenſible of no calamity but the burning of a Stack of Corn, or the o-

ver-flowing of a Meadow, and thinks Noahs Floud the greateſt Plague that ever was, not becauſe it drowned the World, but ſpoil'd the Graſs. For Death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his Harveſt before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

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## XXIX.

### *A young man.*

HE is now out of natures protection, though not yet able to guide himſelf; but left looſe to the World and Fortune, from which the weakneſſe of his Childhood preſerv'd him: and now his ſtrength expoſes him. He is indeed juſt of age to be miſerable, yet in his own conceit firſt begins to be happy: and he is happier in this imagination, and his miſery not felt is leſs. He ſees yet but the outſide of the World and Men, and conceives them according to their appearing gliſter, and out of this ignorance believes them. He purſues all vanities for happineſſe, and enioyes them beſt in this fancy. His reaſon ſerves not to curb, but underſtand his appetite, and proſecute the motions thereof

thereof with a more eager earneſtneſs. Himſelf is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the World will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for gray hairs, and performs it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the Age as the faſhion & cuſtome, with which he longs to be acquainted; and ſins to better his underſtanding. He conceives his youth as the ſeaſon of his luſt, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad: and becauſe he would not looſe his time, ſpends it. He diſtaſts Religion as a ſad thing, and is ſix years elder for a thought of Heaven. He ſcorns and fears, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrincles. He loves and hates with the ſame inflammation: and when the heat is over, is cool enough to friends and enemies. His frieendſhip is ſeldome ſo ſteadfaſt, but that luſt, drink, or anger may overturn it. He offers you his blood to day in kindneſſe, and is ready to take yours to morrow. He does ſeldome any thing which he wiſhes not to do againe, and is onely wiſe after a misfortune. He ſuffers much for his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it is makes him a wiſe man. He is free from many vices, by being not grown to the

performance, and is onely more virtuous out of weakneſſe. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambuſh. He is a Ship without Pilot or Tackling, and onely good fortune may ſteer him. If he ſcape this age, he has ſcap'd a Tempeſt, and may live to be a Man.

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## XXX.

## *The common ſinging-men in Cathedral Churches.*

ARe a bad Society, and yet a company of good Fellows, that roar deep in the Quire, deeper in the Tavern. They are the eighth part of ſpeech, which go to the Syntaxis of ſervice, and are diſtinguiſh't by their noiſes much like Bells, for they make not a Conſort but a Peal. Their paſtime or recreation is prayers, their exerciſe drinking, yet herein ſo religiouſly addicted, that they ſerve God oftneſt when they are drunk. Their humanity i a leg to the Reſidencer, their learning a Chapter, for they learn it commonly before they read it, yet the old Hebrew names, are little beholding to them, for they miſcall them worſe than one another.

Though

Though they never expound the Scripture they handle it much, and pollute the gospel with two things, their conversation & their thumbs Vpon working-days they behave themselves at Prayers as at their Pots, for they swallow them down in an instant. Their gowns are lac't commonly with streamings of Ale, the superfluities of cups or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their Anthems abler to sing Carches. Long-liv'd for the most part they are not, especially the Base, they overflow their bank so oft to drown the Organs. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they die constantly in God's service; and to take their death with more patience, they have Wine and Cakes at their Funeral: and now they keep the Church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their bones, as before with their noise.

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## XXXI.

### *A Pretender to Learning.*

IS one that would make others more fools than himself; for though he

know nothing, he would not have the world to know ſo much. He conceits nothing in Learning but the opinion, which he ſeeks to purchaſe without it, though he might with leſſe labour cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of Scholar-Mountebank, and his Art, our deluſion. He is trickt out in all the accoutrements of Learning, and at the firſt encounter none paſſes better. He is oftener in his ſtudy, than at his Book, and you cannot pleaſure him better, than to deprehend him. Yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You find him in his Slippers, and a Pen in his ear, in which formality he was aſleep. His table is ſpread wide with ſome Claſſick Folio, which is as conſtant to it as the Carpet, and hath layd open in the ſame Page this halfe year. His Candle is always a longer ſitter up than himſelf, and the boaſt of his Window at Mid-night. He walks much alone in the poſture of Meditation; and has a Book ſtill before his face in the Fields. His pocket is ſeldome without a Greek Teſtament, or Hebrew Bible, which he opens onely in the Church, and that when ſome ſtander by looks

over

over. He has his ſentences for Companie, ſome ſcatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occaons. If he read any thing in the morning, it comes up all at Dinner: and as long as that laſts, the diſcourſe is his. He is a great Plagiarie of Tavern wit; and comes to Sermons onely that he may talk of Auſtin. His Parcels are the meer ſcrapings from Company, yet he complains at parting what time he has loſt. He is wonderouſly capricious to ſeem a judgement, and liſtens with a ſowre attention, to what he underſtands not. He talks much of Scaliger & Cauſabon & the Jeſuites, and prefers ſome unheard-of Dutch name before them all. He has verſes to bring in upon theſe and theſe hints, and it ſhall go hard but he will wind in his opportunitie. He is critical in a language he cannot conſter, and ſpeaks ſeldom under Arminius in Divinitie. His buſineſſe, and retirement, and caller away is his Studie, and he proteſts no delight to it comparable. He is a great Nomenclator of Authors, which he has read in general in the Catalogue, and in particular in the Title, and goes ſeldom ſo far as the Dedication. He never talks of any

thing but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the ſame men pump him, and then he onely puts in, or gravely ſays nothing. He has taken pains to be an Aſs, though not to be a Scholar, and is at length diſcovered and laught at.

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## XXXII.

### *A Shop-keeper.*

His Shop is his well ſtuft Book, and himſelf the Title page of it, or Index, he utters much to all men, though he ſels but to a few, and intreats for his own neceſſities by asking others what they lack. No man ſpeaks more and no more, for his Words are like his Wares, twenty of one ſort, and he goes over them alike to all commers. He is an arrogant commender of his own things; for whatſoever he ſhews you, is the beſt in the town, though the worſt in his Shop. His Conſcience was a thing that would have layd upon his hands, he was forc't to put it off: and makes great uſe of honeſty to profeſſe upon. He tels you lyes by rote, and not minding, as the Phraſe to ſell in, and the

Language

Language he ſpent moſt of his years to learn. He never ſpeaks ſo truely, as when he ſays he would uſe you as his brother, for he would abuſe his brother; and in his Shop, thinks it lawful. His Religion is much in the nature of his Cuſtomers, and indeed the Pander to it: and by a miſ-interpreted ſence of Scripture maks a gain of his Godlyneſſe. He is your ſlave while you pay him ready Money, but if he once befriend you, your Tyrant, and you had better deſerve his hate than his truſt.

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## XXXII.

### *A handſome Hoſteſs.*

IS the fairer commendation of an Inn, above the fair Sign or fair Lodgings. She is the Load-ſtone that attracts men of Iron, Gallants and Roarers, where they cleave ſometimes long, and are not eaſily got off. Her lips are your welcome, and your entertainment her companie, which is put into the reckoning too, and is the deareſt parcel in it: No Citizens wife is demurer than ſhe at the firſt greeting, nor draws in her mouth with a chaſter ſimper, but you

may,

may be more familiar without distast, and she does not startle at Baudrie. She is the confusion of a Pottle of Sack more than would have been spent elsewhere, and her little Jugs are accepted, to have her kiss excuse them. She may be an honest woman, but is not believ'd so in her Parish, and no man is a greater Infidel in it than her Huband.

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## XXXIV.

### *A Blunt man.*

HIS one whose wit is better pointed than his behaviour, and that course, and impolisht, not out of Ignorance so much as Humour. He is a great enemie to the fine Gentle-man, and these things of Complement, and hates Ceremonie in Conversation, as the Puritan in Religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double-dealing, and suspects all smoothnesse for the dresse of Knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation, as an assault, and beseeches you in choller to forbear your courtesie. He loves not any thing in Discourse that comes before the purpose,

poſe. and is always ſuſpicious of a Preface. Himſelf falls rudely ſtill on his matter without any circumſtance, except he uſe an old Proverbe for an Introduction. He ſwears old out of date innocent oathes, as by the Maſs, by our Lady, and ſuch like, and though there be Lords preſent, he cries, My Maſters. He is exceedingly in love with his humour, which makes him always proclaim it, and you muſt take what he ſays patiently, becauſe he is a plain man. His nature is his excuſe ſtill, and other mens Tyrant: for he muſt ſpeak his mind, & that is his worſt, & craves your pardon moſt injuriouſly for not pardoning you. His jeſts beſt become him, becauſe they come from him rudely and unaffected: and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. he is one that will do more than he will ſpeak, and yet ſpeak more than he will hear: for though he love to touch others, he is teachy himſelf, and ſeldom to his own abuſes replies but with his Fiſts. He is as ſqueazie of his commendations as his courteſie: and his good word is like an Elogie in a Satyre. He is generally better favoured than he favours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterneſſe, and no man

man ſpeaks treaſon more ſecurely. He chides great men with moſt boldneſſe, and is counted for it an honeſt fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the Common-wealth, and is in Priſon for it with credit. He is generally honeſt, bnt more generally thought ſo, and his down-rightneſſe credits him, as a man not well bended and crookend to the times. In concluſion, he is not eaſily bad, in whom this quality is Nature, but the counterfeit is moſt dangerous, ſince he is diſguiſed in a humour that profeſſes not to diſguiſe.

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## XXXV.

## *A Critick.*

IS one that has ſpeld over a great many of Books, and his obſervation is the Orthographie. He is the Surgeon of old Authors, and heals the wounds of duſt and ignorance. He converſes much in fragments, and Deſunt multa's, and if he piece it up with two Lines he is more proud of that book than the Author. He ruus over all Sciences to peruſe their Syntaxis, and thinks all Learning compris'd in writing Latin.

He

He taſts Styles, as ſome diſcreeter Palats do wine; and tels you which is genuine, which Sophiſticate and baſtard. His owne Phraſe is a Miſcellaine of old words, deceaſed long before the Cæſars, and entomb'd by Varro, and the moderneſt man he follows, is Plautus. He writes Omneis at length, and quicquid, and his Gerund is moſt inconformable. He is a troubleſome vexer of the dead, which after ſo long ſparing muſt riſe up to the judgement of his caſtigations. He is one that makes all books ſell dearer, whilſt he ſwels them into Folio's with his Comments.

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## XXXV.

### *A Sergeant or Catch-pol.*

IS one of Gods Judgements; and which our Roarers doe onely conceive terrible. He is the propereſt ſhape wherein they fancy Satan; for he is at moſt but an Arreſter, and Hell a Dungeon. He is the Creditors Hawk, wherewith they ſeaze upon flying Birds, and fetch them againe to his Tallons. He is the Period of young Gentlemen, or their full ſtop, for when he meets

meets with them they can go no further. His Ambuſh is a ſhop-ſtall, or cloſe Lane, and his aſſault is cowardly at your back. He reſpits you in no place but a Tavern, where he ſels his Minuts dearer than a Clock-maker. The common way to run from him, is through him, which is often attempted and atchieved, and no man is ofter beaten out of Charitie. He is one makes the Street more dangerous than the High-ways, and men go better provided in their walks than their journey. He is the firſt handſel of the young Rapiers of the Templers, and they are as proud of his repulſe, as an Hungarian of killing a Turk, He is a moveable Priſon, and his hands two Manacles hard to be fil'd off. He is an occaſioner of diſloyall thoughts in the Common-wealth, for he makes men hate the Kings name worſe than the Devils.

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## XXXVII.

### *A Weak Man.*

IS one whom Nature huddled up in haſte, and left his beſt part unfiniſht.

ni∫ht. The reſt of him is grown to be a man, onely his brain ſtays behind, He is a man that has not improved his firſt rudiments, nor attain'd any proficiency by his ſtay in the World: but we may ſpeak of him yet, as when he was in the budde, a good harmleſſe nature, a well meaning mind, if he could order his intentions. It is his miſery that he now moſt wants a Tutor, and is too old to have one. He is two Steps above a fool, and a great many more below a wiſe man: yet the fool is oft given him, and by thoſe whom he eſteems moſt. Some tokens of him are: He loves men better upon relation than experience: for he is exceedingly enamoured of Strangers, and none quicklier a weary of his friends. He charges you at firſt meeting with all his ſecrets: and on better acquaintance grows more reſerved. Indeed he is one that miſtakes much his abuſers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he apprehends your hate in nothing ſo much, as in good counſel. One that is flexible with any thing but reaſon, and then onely perverſe; and you may better entice than perſwade him. A ſervant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the laſt man

ſtill

ſtill works over. A great affecter of wits and ſuch pretineſſes; and his company is coſtly to him, for he ſeldome has it but invited. His friendſhip commonly is begun in a ſupper, and loſt in lending money. The Tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink and to be drunk, is with him all one, and his brain is ſooner quench't than his thirſt. He is drawne into naughtines with company, but ſuffers alone, and the baſtard commonly layd to his charge. One that will be patiently abus'd, and take exceptions a moneth after when he underſtands it, and cannot endear him more than by couzening him, and it is a temptation to thoſe that would not. One diſcoverable in all fillineſſes to all men but himſelf, and you may take any mans knowledge of him better than his own. He will promiſe the ſame thing to twenty, and rather than deny one, break with all. One that has no power o're himſelf, o're his buſineſs, o're his friends: but a prey and pitty to all: and if his fortunes once ſink, men quickly crie, Alas, and forget him.

XXXVIII.

## XXXVIII.

### *A Tobacco-seller.*

IS the onely man that finds good in it, which others brag of, but do not; for it is meat, drink, and clothes to him. No man opens his ware with greater serioufneſſe, or challenges your judgment more in the approbation. His Shop is the Raudevouz of Spitting, where men dialogue with their Noſes, and their communication is Smoke. It is the place onely where Spain is commended, and prefer'd before England it ſelf. He ſhould be well experienc'd in the World: for he has daily trial of mens noſtrils, and none is better acquainted with humours. He is the piecing commonly of ſome other Trade, which is Baud to his Tobacco, and that to his Wife, which is the flame that follows this ſmoke.

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## XXXIX.

### *A Plauſible Man.*

IS one that would fain run an even path in the World, and jutt againſt no

no man. His endeavour is not to offend, and his aim the generall opinion. His Converſation is a kind of continued Complement, and his life a practice of manners. The relation he bears to others, a kind of faſhionable reſpect, not friendſhip, but friendlyneſſe, which is equal to all, and generall, and and his kindneſſes ſeldome exceed courteſies. He loves not deeper mutualities, becauſe he would not take fides, nor hazard himſelfe on diſpleaſures, which he principally avoids. At your firſt acquaintance with him, he is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after but friendly ſtill. He has an excellent command over his patience and tongue, eſpecially the laſt, which he accomodates alwayes to the times and perſons, and ſpeaks ſeldome what is ſincere, but but what is civil. He is one that uſes all companies, drinks all Healthes, and is reaſonable cool in all Religions. He can liſten to a fooliſh Diſcourſe with an applauſive attention, and conceal his laughter at Non-ſence. Silly men much honour and eſteem him, becauſe by his faire reaſoning with them, as with men of underſtanding, he puts them into an erroneous

ous opinion of themſelves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own diſcovery. He is one rather well thought on, than belov'd, and that love he has, is more of whole Companies together, than any one in particular. Men gratifie him notwithſtanding with a good report. and what ever vices he has beſides, yet having no enemies, he is ſure to be an honeſt fellow.

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## XLI

## *The Worlds Wiſe Man.*

IS an able and ſufficient wicked man; it is a proof of his ſufficiency, that he is not called wicked, but wiſe. A man wholly determin'd in himſelf and his own ends, and his inſtrument: herein any thing that will do it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they ſerve this work, us'd or layd by. Indeed he knows not this thing of Friend, but if he give you the name it is a ſigne he has a plot on you. Never more active in his buſineſſes, than when they are mixt with ſome harme to others: and 'tis his beſt play in this Game, to ſtrike off and lie in the

place,

place. Successfull commonly in these undertakings, because he passes smoothly those rubs which others stumble at, as conscience and the like : and gratulates himself much in his advantage: Oathes and falshood he counts the neareſt way, and loves not by any means to go about. He has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his tush is greateſt at Religion, yet he uſes this too, and Virtue and good Words, but is leſſe dangerously a Devil than a Saint. He aſcribes all honeſty to an unpractic'dneſs in the World: & Conſcience a thing meerly for Children. He ſcorns all that are ſo ſilly to truſt him, and onely not ſcorns his enemy, eſpecially if as bad as himſelf : He fears him as a man well armed, and provided, but ſets boldly on good natures, as the moſt vanquiſhable. One that ſeriouſly admires thoſe worſt Princes, as Spotia, Borgia, and Richard the Third : and calls matters of deep villany, things of difficulty. To whom murders are but reſolute Acts, and Treaſon a buſineſſe of great conſequence. One whom two or three Countries make up to this compleatneſſe, and he has travel'd for the purpoſe. His deepeſt indearment is a communication of miſchief,

miſchief, and then onely you have him faſt. His concluſion is commonly one of theſe two; either a Great Man, or Hang'd

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## XLII.

### *A Bowl-Alley.*

IS the place where there were three things thrown away beſides Bowls, to wit, Time, Money and Curſes, and the laſt ten for one. The beſt ſport in it is the gamſters, and he enjoys it that looks on and bets not. It is the School of wrangliug, and worſe than the Schools, for men will cavil here for an hairs breadth, and make a ſtir where a ſtraw would end the controverſie. No Antick ſcrews mens bodies into ſuch ſtrange flexurs, & you would think them here ſenſeles, to ſpeak ſenſe to their Bowl, & put their truſt to intreaty for a good caſt. The Betters are the factious noiſe of the Alley, or the Gamſters Beadſmen that pray for them. They are ſomewhat like thoſe that are cheated by Great men, for they looſe their money, and muſt ſay nothing. It is the beſt diſcovery of humours, eſpecially in the loſers,

loſers, where you have fine variety of impatience, whileſt ſome fret, ſome raile, ſome ſwear, & others more ridiculouſly comfort themſelvs with Philoſophie. To give you the Morall of it; it is the Emblem of the World, or the Worlds ambition: where moſt are ſhort, or over, or wide, or wrong byas't, and ſome few juſtle in to the Miſtriſs Fortune. And it is here as in the Court, where the neareſt are more frighted, and all blows aim'd at the Toucher.

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## XLIII.

### *A Chyrurgion.*

IS one that has ſome buſineſſe about his building or little houſe of man, whereof Nature is as it were the Tyler, and he the Playſterer. It is ofter out of reparations, than an old Parſonage, and then he is ſet on work to patch it againe. He deales moſt with broken Commodities, as a broken Head, or a mangled Face; and his gains are very ill got; for he lives by the hurts of the Common-wealth. He differs from a Phyſitian, as a Sore do's from a Diſeaſe, or the ſick from thoſe that are not whole,

whole, the one diſtempers you within, the other bliſters you without. He complains of the decay of valour in theſe dayes, and ſighs for that ſlaſhing Age of Sword and Buckler; and thinks the Law againſt Duels was made meerly to wound his Vocation. He had been long ſince undone, if the charity of the Stews had not relieved him, from whom he has his tribute as duely as the Pope, or a windfall ſometimes from a Tavern, if a quart pot hit right. The rareneſs of his coſtome makes him pittyleſs when it comes: and he holds a Patient longer than our Courts a Cauſe. He tels you what danger you had been in if he had ſtayd but a minute longer, and though it be but a prickt finger, he makes of it much matter. He is a reaſonable cleanly man, conſidering the Scabs he has to deal with, & your fineſt Ladies now and then are beholding to him for their beſt dreſſings. He curſes old Gentlewomen and their Charity, that makes his Trade their Alms but his envie is never ſtirr'd ſo much, as when Gentlemen go over to fight upon CALICE Sands: whom he wiſhes drown'd ere they come there, ratner than the French ſhall get his Cuſtome.

## XLIV.

### *A She preciſe Hypocrite.*

IS one in whom good Women ſuffer, and have their truth miſ-interpreted by her folly.

She is one, ſhe knows not what her ſelf if you ask her, but ſhe is indeed one that has taken a toy at the faſhion of Religion, and is enamour'd of the New-fangle. She is a Non-conformiſt in a cloſe Stomacher and Ruff of Geneva Print, and her purity conſiſts much in her Linnen. She has heard of the Rag of Rome, and thinks it a very ſlattiſh Religion, and rayls at the Whore of Babylon for a very naughty Woman. She has left her Virginity as a Relique of Popery, and marries in her Tribe without a Ring. Her devotion at the Church is much in the turning up of her eye, and turning down the leaf in her Book, when ſhe hears nam'd Chapter and Verſe. When ſhe comes home ſhe commends the Sermon for the Scripture, and two hours. She loves Preaching better than Praying, and of Preachers Lecturers, and thinks the Week-days Exerciſe far more edifying than

the

the Sundays. Her ofteſt Goſſipping are Sabbaoth-days journeys, where (though an enemy to Superſtition) ſhe will go in Pilgrimage five mile to a ſilenc'd Miniſter, when there is a better Sermon in her own Pariſh. She doubts of the Virgin Marie's ſalvation, and dare not Saint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly as the Pew ſhe has a Key to. She is ſo taken up with Faith, ſhe has no room for Charity, and underſtands no good works, but what are wrought on the Sampler. She accounts nothing Vices but Superſtition, and an Oath, and thinks Adultery a leſſe ſin, than to ſwear by my truly. She rayles at other women by the names of Jezabel and Dalilah: and calls her own daughters Rebecca and Abigail, and not Anne but Hannah. She ſuffers them not to learn on the Virginals, becauſe of their affinity with the Organs, but is reconcil'd to the Bels for the Chymes ſake, ſince they were reformed to the tune of a Pſalm. She overflows ſo with the Bible, that ſhe ſpils it upon every occaſion, and will not Cudgel her Maids without Scripture. It is a queſtion whether ſhe is more troubled with the Devil, or the Devil with her: ſhe is always challenging and daring him, and

her weapons are Spels no leſſe potent than different, as being the ſage Sentences of ſome of her own Sectaries. Nothing angers her ſo much, as that Women cannot preach, and in this point onely thinks the Brownift erroneous: but what ſhe cannot at the Church, ſhe does at the Table, where ſhe prattles more than any againſt ſence, and Antichriſt, till a Capons wing ſilence her. She expounds the Prieſts of Baal, Reading Miniſters, and thinks the Salvation of that Pariſh as deſpearte as the Turks. She is a main derider to her capacity of thoſe that are not her Preachers, and cenſures all Sermons but bad ones. If her Husband be a Tradeſman, ſhe helps him to Cuſtomers, howſoever to good cheer, and they are a moſt faithfull couple at theſe Meetings, for they never fail. Her Conſcience is like others, luſt never ſatisfied, and you might better anſwer Scotus than her Scruples. She is one that thinks ſhe performes all her duty to God in hearing, and ſhews the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery againſt the Maypole than her Husband, and thinks he might do a Phinehas his act, to break the pate of the Fiddler. She is an everlaſting Argument; but I am weary of her.

XLV. A

## XLV.

### *A Contemplative Man.*

IS a Scholar in this great Vniverſitie, the World; and the ſame his Book and Study. He cloyſters not his Meditations in the narrow darkneſſe of a Room, but ſends them abroad with his Eyes and his Brain travels with his Feet. He looks upon man from a high Tower, and ſees him trulier at this diſtance in his Infirmities and poorneſs. He ſcorns to mixe himſelf in mens actions, as he would to act upon a ſtage, but ſits aloft upon the Scaffold, a cenſuring Spectator. Nature admits him as a partaker of her ſports, and asks his approbation, as it were of her own Works, and variety. He comes not in company, becauſe he would not be ſolitary, but finds diſcourſe enough with himſelf, and his own thoughts are his excellent play-fellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning ſtranger at novelties; but his ſearch is more myſterious and inward, and he ſpels heaven out of earth. He knits his obſervations together, and makes a Ladder of them all to climb to God. He is free from vice, becauſe he has no occaſion

to employ it, and is above those ends that makes men wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to Heaven to see more.

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## XLVI.

### *An Atturney.*

HIs Ancient beginning was a blue Coat, since a Livery, and his hatching under a Lawyer; whence, though but pen-feather'd, he hath now nested for himself, and with his hoorded pence purchas'd an Office. Two Desks and a Quire of Paper set him up, where he now sits in state for all comers. We can call him no great Author, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his Libels. He has some smatch of a Schollar, and yet uses Latine very hardly, and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speak out. He is contrary to great men, maintain'd by his followers, that is his poor countrey Clients, that worship him more than their Land-lord, and be there never such churles, he looks for their courtesie. He first racks them soundly himself,

himſelf, and then delivers them to the Lawyer for execution. His looks are very ſolicitous, importing much haſte and diſpatch; he is never without his handfull of buſineſſe, that is, of paper. His skin becomes at laſt as dry as his Parchment, and his face as intricate as the moſt winding cauſe. He talks Statutes as fiercely; as if he had mooted ſeven years in the Inns of Court: when all his skill is ſtuck in his girdle, or in his Office window. Strife and wrangling hath made him rich, and he is thankfull to his benefactor, and nouriſheth it, If he live in a conntry Villiage, he makes all his neighbours good Subjects; for there ſhall be nothing done but what there is law for. His buſineſſe gives him not leave to think of his Conſcience, and when the time or term of his life is going out, for Doomeſ-day he is ſecure; for he hopes he has a trick to reverſe Judgement.

## XLVII.

### *A Sceptick in Religion.*

IS one that hangs in the ballance with all sorts of opinions, whereof not one but stirs him, and none sways him. A man guilty of credulity than he is taken to be; for it is out of his belief of every thing, that he fully belives nothing. Each Religion scares him from its contrary: none perswades him to it self. He would be wholy a Christian, but that he is something of an Atheist, and wholy an Atheist, but that he is partly a Christian; and a perfect Heretick, but that there are so many to distract him. He finds reason in all Opinions, truth in none: indeed the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfie him. He is at most a confus'd and wild Christian, not specializ'd by any form, but capable of all. He uses the Lands Religion, because it is next him yet he sees not why he may not take the other, but he chuses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts and scruples better than resolves them, and is always to hard for himself.

It is

His Learning is too much for his brain, and his judgement too little for his Learning, and his over opinion of both ſpoil's all. Pity it was his miſchance of being a Scholar; for it does onely diſtract and irregulate him, and the World by him. He hammers much in generall upon our opinions uncertainty, and the poſſibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalneſſe of Religion to Countries, that Proteſtantiſme ſhould be born ſo in England, and Popery abroad, and that Fortune and the Stars ſhould ſo much ſhare in it. He likes not this connexion of the Common-weal and Divinity, and fears it may be an Arch practice of State. In our differences with Rome he is ſtrangely unfixt, and a new man every new day as his laſt Diſcourſe-books and meditations tranſport him. He could like the gray haires of Popery, did not ſome dotages there ſtagger him; he would come to us ſooner, but our new name affrights him. He is taken with their Miracles, but doubts an impoſture: He conceives of our Doctrine better, but it ſeems too empty and naked. He cannot drive into his fancy the circumſcription of truth to our corner, and

is as hardly perſwaded to think their old Legends true. He aproves well of our Faith, and more of their Works, and is ſometimes much affected at the zeal of Amſterdam. His conſcience interpoſes it ſelf betwixt Duellers, and whilſt it would part both, is by both wounded. He will ſomtimes propound much to us upon the reading of a good Writer, and at Bellarmine recoyls as far back again; and the Fathers juſtle him from one ſide to another. Now Soſinius and Vorſtius afreſh torture him, and he agrees with none worſe than himſelf. He puts his foot into Hereſies tenderly, as a Cat in the Water, and puls it out againe, and ſtill ſomething unanſwer'd delays him, yet he bears away ſome parcel of each, and you may ſooner pick all Religions out of him, than one. He cannot think ſo many wiſe men ſhould be in error, nor ſo many honeſt men out of the way, and his wonder is doubled, when he ſees theſe oppoſe one another. He hates Authority as the Tyrant of Reaſon, and you cannot anger him worſe, than with a Fathers dixit; and yet that many are not perſwaded with reaſon, ſhall authorize his doubt. In ſum, his whole life is a queſtion, and his ſalvation a

greater

greater, which death onely concludes, and then he is reſolv'd.

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## XLIX.

### *A Partial Man.*

IS the oppoſite extream to a Defamer, for the one ſpeaks ill falſly, and the other well, and both ſlander the Truth. He is one that is ſtill weighing men in the Scale of Compariſons, and puts his affection in the one ballance, and that ſways. His friend always ſhall do beſt, and you ſhall rarely hear good of his enemie. He conſiders firſt the man, and then the thing, and reſtrains all merit to what they deſerve of him. Commendations he eſteems not the depth of worth, but the requital of kindneſs: and if you ask his reaſon, ſhews his Intereſt, and tels you how much he is beholding to that man. He is one that ties his judgement to the wheel of Fortune, and they determine giddily both alike. He prefers England before other Countreys, becauſe he was born there, and Oxford before other Univerſities, becauſe he was brought up there; and the beſt Scholar there

is

is one of his own Colledge, and the beſt Scholar there is one of his friends. He is a great favourer of great perſons, and his Argument is ſtill that which ſhould be Antecedent, as he is in high place, therefore virtuous, he is preferred therefore worthy. Never ask his opinion for you ſhall hear but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but Conſcience. Men eſteem him for this a zealous affectionate, but they miſtake him many times, for he does it but to be eſteemed ſo. Of all men he is worſt to write an Hiſtory, for he will praiſe a Sejanus or Tiberius, and for ſome petty reſpect of his, all poſterity ſhall bee cozen'd.

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## XLIX.

## *A Trumpeter.*

IS the Elephant with the great Trunk, for he eats nothing but what comes through this way. His profeſſion is not ſo worthy as to occaſion inſolence, and yet no man ſo much puft up. His face is as brazen as his Trumpet, and (which is worſe) as a Fidlers, from whom he differeth onely in this, that his impudence is dearer.

dearer. The Sea of Drink and much Wind, make a ſtorm perpetually in his Cheeks, and his look is like his noyſe, bluſtering and tempeſtuous. He was whilom the ſound of War, but now of Peace, yet as terrible as ever, for whereſoere he comes they are ſure to pay for't. He is the common attendant of glittering folks, whether in the Court or Stage, where he is always the Prologues Prologue. He is ſomwhat in the nature of a Hogſhed, ſhrilleſt when he is empty, when his belly is full he is quiet enough. No man proves life more to be a blaſt, or himſelf a bubble. And he is like a counterfeit Bankrupt, thrives beſt when he is blown up.

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## L.

### *A Vulgar-ſpirited Man.*

IS one of the herd of the World. One that follows meerly the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publickly affected, and he will not be wiſer than the reſt of the Town. That never owns a Friend after an ill name or ſome gene-

ral

ral imputation, though he knows it moſt unworthy. That oppoſes to reaſon, thus men ſay, and thus moſt do, and thus the world goes, and thinks this enough to poyſe the other. That worſhip men in place, and thoſe onely; and thinks all a great man ſpeaks Oracles. Much taken with my Lords jeſt, and repeats you it all to a ſyllable. One that juſtifies nothing out of faſhion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinks certainly all Spaniards and Ieſuites very villains, and is ſtill curſing the Pope and Spynola. One that thinks the graveſt Caſſock the beſt Scholar: and the beſt Clothes the fineſt man. That is taken onely with broad and obſcœne wit, and hiſſes any thing too deep for him. That cries Chaucer for his money above all our Engliſh Poets: becauſe the voyce has gone ſo, and he has read none. That is much raviſht with ſuch a Noble-mans courteſie, and would venture his life for him, becauſe he put off his hat. One that is formoſt ſtill to kiſs the Kings hand, and cries, God bleſſe his Majeſtie loudeſt. That rails on all men condemn'd and out of favour, and the firſt that ſays away with the Traytors: yet ſtruck with much ruth at Executions, and for pitty to ſee a man dy,

could

could kill the Hangman. That comes to London to ſee it and the pretie things in it, and the chief cauſe of his journey the Bears: That meaſures the happineſſe of the kingdom, by the cheapneſſe of Corn; and conceives no harm of State, but ill trading. Within this compaſſe too, come thoſe that are too much wedg'd into the World, and have no lifting thoughts above thoſe things that call to thrive, to do well, and Preferment onely the grace of God. That aym all Studies at this mark, and ſhew you poor Scholars as an example to take heed by. That think the Priſon and Want, a judgement for ſome ſin, and never like well hereafter of a Goal-bird. That know no other content, but wealth, bravery, and the Town-pleaſures; that think all elſe but idle ſpeculation, and the Philoſophers Madmen: In ſhort, men that are carried away with all outwardneſſe, ſhews, appearances, the ſtream, the People; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of ſingularity, and ſcorns ſomething.

## II.

## *A Herauld.*

IS the Spawn, or indeed but the resultancy of Nobility, and to the makeing of him went not a Generation, but a Genealogie. His Trade is Honour, and he sels it, and gives Arms himself, though he be no Gentleman. His Bribes are like those of a corrupt Judge, for they are the prices of bloud. He seems very rich in discourse, for he tels you of whole fields of gold & silver, or, Argent, worth much in French, but in English nothing. He is a great diver in the streames or issues of Gentry, and not a by-Channel or Bastard escapes him, yet he does with them like some shameless Quean, Fathers more Children on them than ever they begot. His Traffick is a kind of Pedlery-ware, Scutchious, and Pennons and little Daggers, and Lions, such as Children esteem and Gentlemen: But his penie-worths are rampant, for you may buy three whole Brawns cheaper than three Boars heads of him painted. He was sometime the terrible coat of Mars, but is now for more

more merciful Battels in the Tilt-yard, where whoſoever is victorious, the ſpoils are his. He is an Art in England, but in Wales Nature, where they are born with Heraldry in their mouthes, and each Name is a Pedegree.

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## LII.

### *A Plodding Student.*

IS a kind of Alchymiſt or Perſecutour of Nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer mettal, with ſucceſſes many times as unproſperous, or at leaſt not quitting the coſt, to wit of his own oyle and Candles. He has a ſtrange forc't appetite to Learning, and to atchieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His Study is not great but continuall, and conſiſts much in the ſitting up till after Mid-night in a Rug-gown, and a Night-cap, to the varquiſhing perhaps of ſome ſix lines: yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it ſo long to underſtand it, till he gets it without book. He may with much induſtrie make a breach into Logick, and arrive at ſome ability in an Argument: but for politer ſtudies, he dare

not skirmish with them, and for Poetry accounts it impregnable. His Invention is more than the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there, and his disposition of them is as just as the Book-binders, a setting or glewing them together. He is a great discomforter of young Students, by telling them what travel it has cost him, and how often his brains turn'd at Philosophy, and makes others fear studying, as a cause of Dunccry. He is a man much given to Apothegms, which serve him for Wit, and seldome breaks any Iest, but what belong'd to some Lacedemonian or Romane in Lycosthenes. He is like a dull Carriers horse, that will goe a whole week together, but never out of a foot-pace: and he that sets forth on the Saturday shall overtake him.

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## LII.

### *Pauls Walk.*

IS the Land Epitome, or you may call it the lesser Isle of Great-Britain,

tain. It is more than this, the whole worlds Map, which you may here diſcern in its perfect'ſt motion juſtling and turning. It is a heap of ſtones and men, with a vaſt confuſion of Languages, and were the Steeple not ſanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noiſe in it is like that of Bees, a ſtrange humming or buz-mixt of walking tongues and feet: It is a kind of ſtill roar or loud whiſper. It is the great Exchange of all diſcourſe, and no buſineſſe whatſoever but is here ſtirring and of foot, It is the Synod of all parts politick, joynted and layd together in a moſt ſerious poſture, and they are not half ſo buſie at the Parliament. It is the Antick of tails to tails, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no further than faces. It is the Market of young Lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and ſizes. It is the generall Mint of all famous lies, which are here like the Legends Poperie, firſt coyned and then ſtamped in the Church. All Inventions are emptied here, and not few Pockets. The beſt ſigne of a Temple in it is, that it is the Thieves Sanctuary, which robbe more ſafely in the Croud, than a wilderneſſe, whilſt every ſearcher is a buſh-

to

to hide them. It is the other expence the day, after Plays, Tavern and a Baudy-house, and men have still some oaths left to swear here. It is the ears Brothel, and satisfies their lust and itch. The Visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall Inhabitants and possessours, are Stale Knights, and Captains out of service, men of long Rapiers, and Breeches, which after all turn Merchants here, and traffick for News. Some make it a reference to their Dinner, and travel for a stomack: but thirstier men make it their Ordinary, and board here very cheap Of all such places it is least haunted with Hobgoblins, for if a Ghost would walk more, he could not.

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## LIII.

### *A University Dun.*

IS a Gentlemans follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money has hirred him. He is an inferiour Creditor of some ten shillings or downwards, contracted for Horse-hire, or perchance for drink, too weak to be put in Suit and he arrests your modesty. He is

now

now very expensive of his time, for he will wait upon your stairs a whole After-noon, and dance attendance with more patience than a Gentleman-Vsher. He is a sore beleagurer of Chambers, and assaults them sometimes with furious knocks: yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out. He is a great complainer of Scholars loytering, for he is sure never to find them within, and yet he is the chief cause many times that makes them study. He grumbles at the ingratitude of men, that shun him for his kindness, but indeed it is his own fault, for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain than he: and by shifting him off, they learn to shift in the World. Some choose their rooms a purpose to avoid his surprizals, and think the best commodity in them is prospect. He is like a rejected acquaintance hunts those that care not for his company, and he knows it well enough, and yet will not keep away. The sole place to supply him is the Buttery, where he takes grievous use upon your name, and he is one much wrought with good Beer & Rhetorick. He is a man of most unfortunate voyages, and no Gallnat walks the street to lesse purpose,

## LIV.

### *A Stayd Man.*

IS a man, one that has taken order with himself, and sets a rule to those lawlessnesses within him. Whose life is distinct and in Method, and his actions as it were cast up before. Not loos'd into the worlds vanities, but gathered up and contracted in his station. Not scattered into many pieces of businesses, but that one course he takes, goes thorow with. A man firm and standing in his purposes, not heav'd off with each wind and passion. that squares his expence to his Coffers, and makes the Total first, and then the Items. One that thinks what he do's, and do's what he says, and fore-sees what he may do, before he purposes. One whose Word (if he can) is more than anothers assurance, and his doubtfull tale before some mens protestations. That is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his conjectures oft true Propheſies. That makes a pause still betwixt his ear & belief, & is not too hasty to say after others: One whose tongue is strung up like a Clock

Clock till the time, and then ſtrikes, and ſays much when he talks little. That can ſee the Truth betwixt two wranglers, and ſees them agree even in that they fall out upon. That ſpeaks no Rebellion in a bravery, or talks big from the ſpirit of Sack. A man cool and temperate in his paſſions, not eaſily betrayd by his choller: That vies not oath with oath, not heat with heat: but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him to. That can come fairly off from Captains Companies: and neither drink nor quarrel. One whom no ill hunting ſends home diſcontented, and makes him ſwear at his dogs and family. One not haſty to purſue the new Faſhion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round Breeches. But gravely handſom, and to his place which ſuits him better than his Taylor. Active in the world without diſquiet, and carefull without miſery: yet neither ingulft in his pleaſures, nor a ſeeker of buſineſſe, but has his hour for both. A man that ſeldome laughs violently, but his mirth is a chearfull look. Of a compoſed and ſetled countenance, not ſet, nor much alterable with ſadneſſe or joy. He affects nothing ſo wholly, that he muſt be a miſerable

man

man when he looſes it: but fore-thinks what will come hereafter, and ſpares Fortune his thanks and curſes One that loves his Credit, not his word Reputation; yet can ſave both without a Duel: whoſe entertainments to greater men are reſpectfull, not complementary, and to his friends plain, not rude. A good Husband, Father, Maſter: that is, without doting, pampering-familiarity. A man well poyſed in all humours, in whom Nature ſhewed moſt Geometrie, and he has not ſpoiled the work. A man of more Wiſdome than Wittineſs, and Brain than Fancy, and abler to any thing than to make Verſes.

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LV. A

## LV.

### *A Modeſt man*

IS a farre finer man then hee knows of, one that ſhews better to all men then himſelf, and ſo much the better to all men, as leſſe to himſelf: for no qualitie ſets a man off like this, and commends him more againſt his will: And he can put up any injury ſooner then this (as he cals it) your Irony. You ſhall hear him confute his Commenders, and giving reaſons how much they are miſtaken, and is angry almoſt if they do not believe him. Nothing threatens him ſo much as great expectation, which he thinks more prejudiciall, then your under-opinion, becauſe it is eaſier to make that falſe; then this true. Hee is one that ſpeakes from a good action, as one that has pilfered, and dare not juſtifie it, and is more bluſhingly reprehended in this, then others in ſinne. That counts all publick declarings of himſelf, but ſo many penances before the people, and the more you applaud him, the more you abaſh him, and he recovers not his face a moneth after. One that is eaſie to like

any thing of another mans: and thinks all he knows not of him better than that he knows. He excuſes that to you, which another would impute, and if you pardon him, is ſatisfied. One that ſtands in no opinion becauſe it is his own, but ſuſpects it rather, becauſe it is his own, & is confuted and thankes you. He ſees nothing more willingly than his errors, and it is his error ſometimes to be too ſoon perſwaded. He is content to be Auditor, where he onely can ſpeak, and content to goe away, and think himſelf inſtructed. No man is ſo weak that he is aſhamed to learn of, and is leſſe aſhamed to confeſſe it: and he finds many times even in the duſt what others over-look, and loſe. Every mans preſence is a kind of bridle to him, to ſtop the roving of his tongue and paſſions: and even impudent men look for this reverence from him, and diſtaſte that in him, which they ſuffer in themſelves, as one in whom vice is ill favoured, and ſhewes more ſcurvily than another. A bawdy jeſt ſhall ſhame him more than a baſtard another man, and he that got it ſhall cenſure him among the reſt. And he is coward to nothing more than an ill tongue, and whoſoever dare lye on him, hath power

over

over him, and if you take him by his look, he is guilty. The main ambition of his life is not to be diſcredited: and for other things, his deſires are more limited than his fortunes, which he thinks preferment, though never ſo mean, and that he is to do ſomething to deſerve this: He is too tender to venture on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to help himſelf. If he do, it was the violence of his friends conſtrained him, and how hardly ſoever he obtaine it, he was harder perſwaded to ſeek it.

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## LVII.

### *A meer empty Wit.*

IS like one that ſpends on the ſtocke without any revenues coming in, and will ſhortly be no wit at all, for learning is the fewel to the fire of wit, which, if it wants this feeding, eats out it ſelf. A good conceit or two bates of ſuch a man, and makes a ſenſible weakning in him: and his brain recovers it not a year after. The reſt of him are bubbles and flaſhes, darted out on the ſudden, which if you take them

while they are warm may be laught at; if they coole, are nothing. He ſpeakes beſt on the preſent apprehenſion, for Meditation ſtupifies him, and the more he is in travell, the leſſe he brings forth. His things come off then, and in a nauſeating ſtomack where there is nothing to caſt up, ſtraines, and convulſions, and ſome aſtoniſhing bumbaſt which men onely, till they underſtand, are ſcared with. A verſe or ſome ſuch work he ſometimes gets up to, but ſeldome above the ſtature of an Epigram, and that with ſome relief out of Martiall, which is the ordinary companion of his pocket, and he reads him as he were inſpir'd. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the world, good to make merry the company, and whom onely men have to do withall, when they have nothing to do, and none are leſſe their friends, then who are moſt their company. Here they vent themſelves over a cup ſomewhat more laſtingly, all their words go for jeſts, and all their jeſts for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of ſome ridiculous thing, and reaſonable good in the expreſſion. Nothing ſtops a jeſt when it is coming, neither friends nor danger, but it muſt out howſoever, though their bloud come

out

out after, and then they emphatically raile and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reaſonable familiar to this. Briefly they are ſuch whoſe life is but to laugh, and be laughed at, and onely wits in jeſt, and fooles in earneſt.

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## LVIII.

## *A Drunkard.*

IS one that will be a man to morrow morning: but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend, the better. One that hath let go himſelf from the hold and ſtay of reaſon, and lies open to the mercy of all temptations. No luſt but finds him diſarmed and fenceleſſe, and with the leaſt aſſault enters. If any miſchief eſcape him, it was not his fault, for he layd as faire for it as he could Every man ſees him as Cham ſaw his Father the firſt of this ſinne, an uncovered man, and, though his garment be on, uncovered, the ſecreteſt parts of his ſoule lying in the nakedſt manner viſible: all his paſſions come out now, all his vanities, and thoſe ſhamefuller humours which diſcretion clothes. His body becomes at laſt

like a myrie way, where the ſpirits are beclog'd and cannot paſs: all his members are out of office, and his heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind man with eyes, and a cripple with legs. All the uſe he hath of this veſſel himſelf, is to hold thus much: for his drinking is but a ſcooping in of ſo many quarts, which are filled out into his body, and that fill'd out again into the Room, which is commonly as drunk as he. Tobacco ſerves to air him after a waſhing, and is his onely breath, and breathing while. He is the greateſt enemy to himſelf, and the next to his friend, and then moſt in the act of his kindneſſe, for his kindneſſe is but trying a maſtery, who ſhall ſinke down firſt: And men come from him as a battle wounded and bound up. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and buſineſs, and makes him more rechleſly careleſſe what becomes of all. Indeed he dares not enter on a ſerious thought, or if he do, it is ſuch melancholy, that it ſends him to be drunk againe.

LIX. A

## LX.

### *A Priſon.*

IS the grave of the living, where they are ſhut up from the world, and their friends: and the wormes that gnaw upon them, their own thoughts, and the Jaylour. A houſe of meager looks, & ill ſmels: for lice, drink, Tobacco, are the compound; Pluto's Court was expreſt from this fancy. And the perſons are much about the ſame party that is there. You may aske as Manippus in Lucian, which is Nireus, which Therſites, which the Begger, which the Knight: for they are all ſuited in the ſame form of a kind of naſty poverty. Onely to be out at elbowes is in faſhion here. and a great Indecorum, not to be threadbare. Every man ſhews here like ſo many wracks upon the Sea, here the ribs of a thouſand pound, here the relique of ſo many Mannours, a doublet without buttons. And 'tis a ſpectacle of more pittie than executions are. The company one with another is but a vyeing of complaints, and the cauſes they have, to raile on Fortune, and fool themſelves, and there is a great deal of

goodfelloſhip in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, moſt bitter againſt the Lawyers, as men that have had a great ſtroke in aſſiſting them hither. Mirth here is ſtupidity or hardheartedneſſe, yet they faine it ſometimes to ſlip melancholy, and keep off themſelves from themſelves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no uſe, and wear it out like an old ſuit, the faſter the better: and he that deceives the time beſt, beſt ſpends it. It is the place where new comers are moſt welcommed, and next them ill newes, as that which extends their fellowſhip in miſery, and leaves few, to inſult and they breath their diſcontents more ſecurely here, and have their tongues at more liberty then abroad. Men ſee here much ſinne, and much calamitie: and where the laſt doth not mortifie, the other hardens, and thoſe that are worſe here, are deſperately worſe, as thoſe from whom the horrour of ſin is taken off, and the puniſhment familiar. And commonly a hard thought paſſes on all, that come from this ſchoole: which though it teach much wiſdome, it is too late, and with danger: and it is better

be

be a foole, then come here to learn it.

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## LXI.

### *A Servingman.*

IS one of the makings up of a Gentleman, as well as his clothes: and ſomewhat in the ſame nature, for he is caſt behind his maſter as faſhionably as his ſword and Cloake are, and he is but in querpo without him. His properneſs qualifies him, and of that a good legg: for his head he has little uſe but to keep it bare. A good dull wit beſt ſuites with him, to comprehend common ſence, and a trencher: for any greater ſtore of brain it makes him but tumultuous, and ſeldome thrives with him. He follows his maſters ſteps, as well in Conditions as the Street: if he Wench or drink he comes after in an under kind, and thinks it a part of his duty to be like him: he is indeed wholy his Maſters, of his faction, of his cut, of his pleaſures: he is handſome for his credit, and drunk for his credit; and if he have power in the ſeller commands the pariſh. He is one that keeps the beſt

company, and is none of it: for he knows all the Gentlemen his Masters knows, and picks from them some Hawking, and Horse-race termes, which he swaggers with in the Ale-house, where he is onely called Master. His mirth is bawdy jests with the wenches, and behind the door bawdy earnest. The best work he does is his marrying, for it makes an honest woman, and if he follow in it his Masters direction, it is commonly the best service he does him.

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## LXII.

### *An Insolent Man.*

IS a fellow newly great and newly proud: one that hath put himself into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom Fortune hath shot up to some Office or Authority, and he shoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how much he is, and if you understand him not, he tels you, and concludes every period with his place, which you must and shall know

know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were very angry, but eſpecially on thoſe of his acquaintance, whom he beats off with a ſurlier diſtance, as men apt to miſtake him becauſe they have known him. And for this cauſe he knows not you till you have told him your name, which he thinks he hath heard, but forgot, and with much adoe ſeemes to recover. If you have any thing to uſe him in, you are his vaſſall for that time, and muſt give him the patience of any injurie, which he does onely to ſhew what he may do. He ſnaps you up bitterly, becauſe he will be offended, and tels you you are ſawcy and troublſome, and ſometimes takes your money in this language. His very Courteſies are intolerable, they are done with ſuch arrogance and imputation, and he is the onely man you may hate after a good turne, and not be ungratefull, and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholding to him. No vice drawes with it a more generall hoſtility, and makes men readier to ſearch into his faults, and of them, his beginning. And no tale ſo unlikely but is willingly heard of him, and believed. And commonly ſuch men are of no merit at all: but make out in pride what

they

they want in worth, and fence themſelves with a ſtately kind of behaviour from that contempt would purſue them. They are men whoſe preferment does us a great deal of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them, without breach of good nature.

## LXIII.

### *Acquaintance.*

IS the firſt draught of a friend, who we muſt lay downe oft thus, as the foule coppy before we can write perfect, and true: for from hence, as from a probation men take a degree in our reſpect, till at laſt they wholy poſſeſſe us. For acquaintance is the hoard, and friendſhip the pare choſen out of it: by which at laſt we begin to impropriate, and encloſe to our ſelves, what before lay in common with others. And commonly where it growes not up to this, it falls as low as may be: and no poorer relation then old acquaintance, of whom we ask onely how they doe for faſhion ſake, and care not. The ordinary uſe of acquaintance is but ſomewhat a more boldneſſe of ſociety, a

ſharing

ſharing of talke, newes, drink, mirth, together: but ſorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing neerer our heart, and to be delivered with it. Nothing eaſier than to create acquaintance: the meer being in company once, doth it; whereas friendſhip like children is ingendred by a more inward mixture, and coupling together: when we are acquainted not with their virtues onely, but their faults to their paſſions, their feares, their ſhame, and are bold on both ſides to make their diſcovery. And as it is in the love of the body, which is then at the heigth and full, when it hath power and admittance into the hidden and worſt parts of it: So it is in friendſhip with the mind, when thoſe verenda of the ſoule, and thoſe things which we dare not ſhew the world, are bare and detected one to the other. Some men are familiar with all, and thoſe commonly friends to none: for friendſhip is a ſullenner thing, as a contractor and taker up of our affections to ſome few, and ſuffers them not looſely to be ſcattered on all men. The pooreſt tye of acquaintance is that of place and Country, which are ſhifted as the place, and miſt but while the fancy of that continues. Theſe are onely

 then

then gladdeſt of other, when they meet in ſome forreign region, where the encompaſſing of ſtrangers unites them cloſer, till at laſt they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminency, as their acquaintance is more ſought for, ſo they are generally more ſtaunch of it, not out of pride onely, but fear to let too many in too near them, for it is with men as with pictures, the beſt ſhew better a farre off and at diſtance, and the cloſer you come to them, the courſer they are. The beſt judgement of a man, is taken from his acquaintance: for friends and enemies are both partiall: whereas theſe ſee him trueſt, becauſe calmelieſt, and are no way ſo engaged to lie for him. And men that grow ſtrange after acquaintance, ſeldome piece together againe, as thoſe that have taſted meat & diſlike it, out of a mutuall experience diſ-reliſhing one another.

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## LXIV.

### *A meere Complementall Man.*

IS one to be held off ſtill at the ſame diſtance you are now; for you ſhall have

have him but thus, and if you enter on him further, you looſe him. Me thinks Virgil well expreſſes him in thoſe well behav'd ghoſts that Æneas met with, that were friends to talk with, & men to look on, but if he graſpt them, but ayre. He is one that lies kindly to you, and for good faſhion ſake, and 'tis diſcourteſie in you to believe him. His words are but ſo many fine phraſes ſet together which ſerve equally for all men, and are equally to no purpoſe. Each freſh encounter with a man, puts him to the ſame part againe, and he goes over to you; what he ſaid to him was laſt with him. He kiſſes your hands as he kiſt his before, and is your ſervant to be commanded, but you ſhall intreat of him nothing. His profers are univerſall and generall with exceptions againſt all particulars; he will do any thing for you: but if you urge him to this, he cannot, or to that, he is engaged: but he will do any thing. Promiſes he accounts but a kind of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners, not to exact them: if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt what is ſpoken, and what is meant. No man gives better ſatis-

faction

faction at the first, and comes off more with the Elogie of a kinde Gentleman, till you know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most raile at him, that have before most commended him. The best is he coozens you in a faire manner, and abuses you with great respect.

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## LXV.

## *A poore Fidler.*

IS a Man and a Fiddle out of case: and he in worse case than his Fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together (as the Indians strike fire) and rubbes a poore living out of it: Partly from this, and partly from your charity, which is more in the hearing, then giving him. For he sels nothing dearer then to be gone: He is just so many strings above a begger, though he have but two: and yet he begs to, onely not in the downeright, for Gods sake, but with a shrugging God blesse you, and his face is more pin'd than the blind mans. Hunger is the greatest paine he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and

and the labouring Iohn Dorry. Otherwiſe his life is ſo many fits of mirth, & 'tis ſome mirth to ſee him. A good feaſt ſhall draw him five miles by the noſe, and you ſhall tracke him againe by the ſent. His other Pilgrimages are Faires, and good Houſes, where his devotion is great to the Chriſtmas : and no man loves good times better. He is in league with the Tapſters for the worſhipfull of the Inne, whom he torments next morning with his Art, and has their Names more perfect than their men. A new ſong is better to him than a new Jacket : eſpecially if bawdy, which he calls merry, and hates naturally the Puritan, as an enemy to his mirth. A Countrey Wedding and Whitſon-ale are the two maine places he domineers in, where he goes for a Muſician, and over-looks the Bag-pipe. The reſt of him is drunke, and in the Stocks.

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## LXVI.

### *A good old Man.*

IS the beſt Antiquitie, and which we may with leaſt vanitie admire.

One

One whom Time hath been thus long a working, and like Winter fruit ripened when others are ſhaken down. He hath taken out as many leſſons of the world, as dayes, and learn't the beſt thing in it, the vanity of it. He looks o re his former life as a danger well paſt, and would not hazard himſelf to begin againe. His luſt was long broken before his body, and yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by his weakneſſe. The next door of death ſads him not, but he expects it calmely as his turn of Nature: and feares more his recoyling back to childiſhneſſe than duſt. All men look on him as a common Father, and on old age for his ſake, as a reverent thing. His very preſence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. He practiſes his experience on youth without the harſhneſſe of reproof, and in his counſell is good company. He has ſome old ſtories ſtill of his own ſeeing to confirm what he ſays, and makes them better in the telling: yet is not troubleſome neither with the ſame tale againe, but remembers with them, how oft he has told them. His old ſayings and morals

ſeem

ſeem proper to his beard: and the poetry of Cato do's well out of his mouth, and he ſpeakes it, as if he were the Author,. Hee is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can diſtinguiſh gravity from a ſowre look, and the leſſe teſty he is, the more regarded. You muſt pardon him if he like his own times better than theſe, becauſe thoſe things are follies to him now that were wiſedome then: yet he makes us of that opinion too, when we ſee him, and conjecture thoſe times by ſo good a Relick. He is a man capable of a dearneſſe with the youngeſt men; yet he is not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at laſt to ſoon whenſoever, with all mens ſorrow but his own, and his memory is freſh, when it is twice as old.

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## LXVII.

### *A medling Man.*

IS one that has nothing to do with his buſineſſe, and yet no man buſier then he, and his buſineſſe is moſt in his face.

He

He is one thrusts himself violently into all imployments, unsent for, un-feed, and many times unthank t, and his part in it is onely an eager bustling, that rather keeps adoe, then do's any thing. He will take you aside, and question you of your affaire, and listen with both eares, and look earnestly: and then it is nothing so much yours as his. He snatches what you are doing out of your hands, and cryes Give it me, and does it worse, and lays an engagement upon you to, & you must thank him for this pains. He lays you down a hundred wilde plots, all impossible things, which you must be ruled by perforce, and he delivers them with a serious and counselling forehead, and there is a great deale more wisdome in this forehead, than his head. He will woo for you, sollicite for you, and woo you to suffer him: and scarce any thing done, wherein his letter, or his journey, or at least himself is not seen, if he have no task in it else, he will raile yet on some side, and is often beaten when he need not. Such men never thorowly weigh any businesse, but are forward onely to shew their zeale, when many times this forwardnesse spoiles it, and then they cry they have done what they can, that is

as

as much hurt. Wiſe men ſtill deprecate theſe mens kindneſſes, and are beholding to them rather to let them alone; as being one trouble more in all buſineſs, and which a man ſhall be hardeſt rid of.

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## LXVIII.

### *A Flatterer.*

IS the picture of a friend, & as pictures flatter many times, ſo he oft ſhews fairer than the true ſubſtance: His look, converſation, company and all the outwardneſſe of friendſhip more pleaſing by odds, for a true friend dare take the liberty to be ſometimes offenſive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the leaſt hold go, for feare of looſing you. Your meere ſowre looke affrights him, and makes him doubt his caſheering. And this is one ſure mark of him, that he is never firſt angry, but ready, though upon his owne wrong, to make ſatisfaction. Therefore he is never yok't with a poor man, or any that ſtands on the lower ground, but whoſe fortunes may tempt his paines to deceive him.

Him

Him he learnes firſt, and growes perfecter in his humours, than himſelfe, and by this door enters upon his Soule: of which he is able at laſt to take the very print and mark, and faſhion his own by it like a falſe key to open all your ſecrets, All his affections jump even with yours: he is before hand with your thoughts, and able to ſuggeſt them unto you. He will commend to you firſt, what he knows you like, and hath always ſome abſurd ſtory or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions ſhould jump in that man. He will aske your counſell ſometimes, as a man of deep judgement, and has a ſecret of purpoſe to diſcloſe you, and whatſoever you ſay, is perſwaded. He liſtens to your words with great attention, and ſometimes will object that you may confute him, and then proteſts he never heard ſo much before, A piece of wit burſts him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughes againe in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your vertues, as, You are too good, too honeſt, too religious; when his chiding may ſeeme but the earneſter commendation, and yet would faine chide you out of them too; for your vice

vice is the thing he has uſe of, and wherein you may beſt uſe him, and he is never more active then in the worſt diligences. Thus at laſt he poſſeſſes you from your ſelf, and then expects but his hire to betray you. And it is a happineſſe not to diſcover him; for as long as you are happy, you ſhall not.

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## LXIX.

### *A high ſpirited Man.*

IS one that looks like a proud man, but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth ſake, for they are onely too proud to be Baſe. One whom no rate can buy off from the leaſt price of his freedome, and make him digeſt an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to poſſeſſe him, nor fall low to the earth to rebound never ſo high againe. He ſtands taller on his bottome, then others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having ſolidly that honour, of which Title is but the pomp. He does homage to no man for his great ſtyles ſake, but is ſtrictly juſt in the exaction of reſpect againe, and will not bate you a Compliment

plement. He is more ſenſible of a neglect than an undoing, and ſcorns no man ſo much as his ſurly threatner. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid down with ſatisfaction, but remits any injury ſooner than words. Onely to himſelf he is irreconcileable, whom he never forgives a diſgrace, but is ſtill ſtabbing himſelf with the thought of it, and no diſeaſe that he dies of ſooner. He is one had rather periſh, than be beholding for his life, and ſtrives more to be quit with his friend than his enemy. Fortune may kill him, but not deject him, nor make him fall into an humbler key than before, but he is now loftier then ever in his own defence, you ſhall hear him talke ſtill after thouſands; and he becomes it better, than thoſe that have it. One that is above the World and its drudgery, and cannot pull down his thoughts to the pelting buſineſſes of life. He would ſooner accept the Gallowes than a mean trade, or any thing that might diſparage the height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably baſe to hanging neither. One that will do nothing upon command, though he would do it otherwiſe: and if ever he do evil, it is when he is dar'd to it. He is one that if fortune

tune equall his worth, puts a luſter in all preferment, but if otherwiſe he be too much croſt, turns deſperately melanchoiy, and ſcornes mankinde.

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## LXX.

### *A Laſcivious Man.*

IS the ſervant, he ſayes, of many Miſtreſſes, but are all but his luſt: to which onely hee is faithfull, and none beſides, and ſpends his beſt bloud, and ſpirits in the ſervice. His ſoule is the Bawde to his body, and thoſe that aſſiſt him in this nature the neareſt to it. No man abuſes more the name of love, or thoſe whom he applies this name to: for his love is like his ſtomacke to feed on what he loves, and the end of it to ſurfet and loath: till a freſh appetite rekindle him: and it kindles on any ſooner, then who deſerve beſt of him. There is a great deale of malignity in this vice, for it loves ſtill to ſpoile the beſt things, and a virgin ſometimes rather than beauty, becauſe the undoing her is greater, and conſequently his glory. No man laughs more at his ſinne than he, or is ſo extreamly tickled with the re-

remembrance of it: and he is more violent to a modeſt eare, than to her he deflowrd. A bawdy jeſt enters deepe into him, and whatſoever you ſpeak, he will draw to bawdry, and his wit is never ſo good as here. His unchaſteſt part is his tongue, for that commits alwayes, what he muſt act ſeldomer: and that commits with all which he acts with few: for he is his own worſt reporter, and men believe as bad of him, and yet do not believe him. Nothing harder to his perſwaſion, than a chaſte man, no Eunuch, and makes a ſcoffing miracle at it, if you tell him of a maide. And from this miſtruſt it is that ſuch men fear marriage, or at leaſt marry ſuch as are of bodies to be truſted, to whom onely they ſell that luſt which they buy of others, and make their wife a revenew to their Miſtris. They are men not eaſily reformed, becauſe they are ſo little ill-perſwaded of their illneſſe, and have ſuch pleas from man and nature. Beſides it is a jeering, and flouting vice, and apt to put jeſts on the reprover. The pox onely converts them, and that onely when it kills them.

## LXXI.

### *A Raſh man.*

IS a man too quicke for himſelfe: one whoſe actions put a leg ſtill before his judgement, and out-run it, Every hot fancy or paſſion is the ſignall that ſets him forward: and his reaſon comes ſtill in the rear. One that has braine enough, but not patience to digeſt a buſineſſe, and ſtay the leaſure of a ſecond thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of ſloth, and freezing of action, and it ſhall burn him rather than take cold. He is alwaies reſolved at firſt thinking, and the ground he goes upon is, hap what may. Thus he enters not, but throwes himſelf violently upon all things, and for the moſt part is as violently upon all off againe: and as an obſtinate "I will, was the preface to his undertaking: ſo his concluſion is commonly "I would I had not, for ſuch men ſeldome do any thing that they are not forc'd to take in pieces againe, and are ſo much furder off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his Phyſitians: ſought to onely in his ſickneſſe, and extreamity,

and to help him out of that mire he hath plung'd himſelfe into, for in the ſuddeneſſe of his paſſions he would hear nothing, and now his ill ſucceſſe hath allayd him, he hears too late. He is a man ſtill ſwayed with the firſt reports, and no man more in the power of a pick-thank than he. He is one will fight firſt, and then expoſtulate; condemne firſt and then examine. He looſes his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindneſſe undoes himſelfe: And then curſes the occaſion drew this miſchiefe upon him, and cryes God mercy for it, and curſes againe. His Repentance is meerely a rage againſt himſelf, and he does ſomething in it ſelf to be repented againe. He is a man whom fortune muſt go againſt much to make him happy, for had he been ſuffered his own way, he had been undone.

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## LXXII.

### *A Prophane Man.*

IS one that denies God as farre as the Law gives him leave that is, onely doth not ſay ſo in downeright termes, for ſo farre he may go. A man that do's the

the greateſt ſinnes calmly, and as the ordinary actions of life, and as calmely diſcourſes of it againe. He will tell you his buſineſſe is to break ſuch a Commandment and the breaking of the Commandment, ſhall tempt him to it. His words are but ſo many vomitings, caſt up to the loathſomenes of the hearers, onely thoſe of his company loath it not. He will take upon him with oathes to pelt ſome tenderer man out of his company, and makes good ſport at his conqueſt o're the Puritan foole. The Scripture ſupplies him for jeſts, and he reads it of purpoſe to be thus merry. He will prove you his ſinne out of the Bible, and then ask if you will not take that Authority: He never ſees the Church but of purpoſe to ſleep in it: or when ſome ſilly man preaches with whom he meanes to make ſport, and is moſt jocund in the Church. One that nick-names Clergy-men with all the termes of reproach, as Rat, Black-coat, and the like, which he will be ſure to keep up, and never calls them by other. That ſings Pſalmes when he is drunk, and cryes God mercy in mockery, for he muſt doe it. He is one ſeemes to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out dare the opinion of him,

which would elſe turn him deſperate: for Atheiſme is the refuge of ſuch ſinners, whoſe repentance would he onely to hang themſelves.

## LXXIII.

### *A Coward.*

IS the man that is commonly moſt fierce againſt the Coward, and labouring to take off this ſuſpition from himſelf: for the opinion of valour is a good protection to thoſe that dare not uſe it. No man is valianter then he in civill company, and where he thinks no danger may come on it, and is the readieſt man to fall upon a Drawer and thoſe that muſt not ſtrike again. Wonderfull exceptious and cholerick where he ſees men are loth to give him occaſion, and you cannot pacifie him better than by quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he, he proteſts he alwayes honour d you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at laſt into a very honeſt quiet man. The ſight of a ſword wounds him more ſenſibly then the ſtroke, for before that come

come he is dead already. Every man is his maſter that dare beat him, and every man dares that knowes him. And he that dare doe this, is the onely man can doe much with him: for his friend he eares not for, as a man that carries no ſuch terror as his enemy, which for this cauſe onely is more potent with him of the two. And men fall out with him of purpoſe to get courteſies from him, and be brib'd again to a reconcilement. A man in whom no ſecret can be bound up, for the apprehenſion of each danger looſens him, and makes him bewray both the room and it. He is a Chriſtian meerly for fear of hell fire, and if any Religion could fright him more, would be of that.

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## LXXIV.

### *A ſordid rich man.*

IS a begger of a fair eſtate: of whoſe wealth we may ſay as of other mens unthriftineſſe, that it ha's brought him to this: when he had nothing, he liv'd in another kind of faſhion. He is a man whom men hate in his owne behalf, for uſing himſelf thus, and yet be-

ing upon himſelf, it is but juſtice; for he deſerves it. Every acceſſion of a freſh heape bates him ſo much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer ſtarving. His body had been long ſince deſperate, but for the reparation of other mens tables, where he hoords meat in his belly for a moneth to maintaine him in hunger ſo long. His clothes were never young in our memory: you might make long Epocha's from them, and put them into the Almanack with the dear year, and the great froſt, and he is known by them longer then his face. He is one never gave almes in his life, and yet is as charitable to his Neighbour as himſelf. He will redeem a penny with his reputation, and looſe all his friends to boote: and and his reaſon is, he will not be undone. He never payes any things, but with ſtrictneſſe of law, for fear of which onely he ſteales not. He loves to pay ſhort a ſhilling or two in a great ſum, and is glad to gaine that, when he can no more. He never ſees friend but in a journey to ſave the charges of an Inne, and then onely is not ſick: and his friends never ſee him, but to abuſe him. He is a fellow indeed of a kind of

frantick

frantick thrift, and one of the ſtrangeſt things that wealth can worke.

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## LXXVI.

### *A meere great man.*

IS ſo much Heraldry without honour: himſelfe leſſe reall then his title. His vertue is that he was his Fathers ſon, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that lives meerely to preſerve anothers memory, and let us know who dyed ſo many years agoe. One of juſt as much uſe as his Images: onely he differs in this, that he can ſpeak himſelf, and ſave the fellow of Weſtminſter a labour: and he remembers nothing better than what was out of his life. His Grandfather and their acts are his diſcourſe, and he tels them with more glory than they did them, and it is well they did enough, or elſe he had wanted matter. His other ſtudies arehis ſports, and thoſe vices that are fit for great men. Every vanity of his has his officer, and is a ſerious imploy-

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imployment for his ſervants. He talkes loud and bawdily, and ſcurvily, as a part of ſtate, and they hear him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and eſpecially learning, except ſome parcels of the Chronicle, and the writing of his name, which he learns to write not to be read. He is meerely of his ſervants faction and their inſtrument for their friends and enemies, and is alwaies leaſt thankt for his own courteſies. They that foole him moſt, doe moſt with him, and he little thinks how many laugh at him, barehead. No man is kept in ignorance more of himſelfe and men, for he hears nought but flattery, and what is fit to be ſpoken, truth with ſo much preface, that it looſes it ſelf. Thus he lives till his Tombe be made ready, and is then a grave Statue to poſteritie.

## LXXVII.

### *An ordinary honeſt Fellow.*

Is one whom it concernes to be called honeſt, for if he were not this, he were nothing: and yet he is not this neither: but a good dull vicious fellow, that complies well with the deboliſhments of the time, & is fit for it: One that

that has no good part in him to offend his company, or make him to be ſuſpected a proud fellow: but is ſociably a dunce, and ſociably a drinker. That do's it faire and above boord without leger-demaine, and neither ſharkes for a cup nor a reckoning. That is kind o're his beere, and proteſts he loves you and beginnes to you againe, and loves you againe. One that quarrels with no man, but for not pledging him, but takes all ſurdities, and commits as many, and is no tell-tale next morning, though he remember it. One that will fight for his friend if he hear him abuſed, and his friend commonly is he that is moſt likely, and he liſts up many a Jugge in his defence. He railes againſt none but cenſurers, againſt whom he thinks he railes lawfully, and cenſurers are all thoſe that are better than himſelf. Theſe good properties qualifie him for honeſty enough, and raiſe him high in the Alehouſe commendation, who if he had any other good quality, would be named by that. But now for refuge he is an honeſt man, and hereafter a ſot: onely thoſe that commend him, think not ſo, and thoſe that commend him, are honeſt fellowes.

FINIS.